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HENRY VAUGHAN

SILURIST

POEMS from *Poems, Olor
Ischanus, Silex Scintillans,
Thalia Rediviva*

AN ESSAY from *The
Mount of Olives*

TWO LETTERS from
MSS. in the Bodleian
Library

SOHO 1924

THE NONESUCH PRESS



*This edition, printed in England with
Baskerville type on Wolvercote rag
paper by the Kynoch Press, is limited
to 850 copies, of which this is number*

544

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TWO AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL LETTERS

TWO AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL
LETTERS
IN THE
BODLEIAN LIBRARY

Honoured Cousin

Yours of the 10th of June I received att Breckon, where I am still attendinge our Bishops Lady in a tertian feaver, & cannot as yet have the leasure to step home. butt lest my delayinge of tyme heere should bringe the account (you expect,) too late into your hands: I shall now in part give you the best I can, & be more exact in my next.

My brother and I were borne att *Newton in the parish of St. Brigets in the yeare 1621. I stayed not att Oxford to take any degree, butt was sent to London, beinge then designed by my father for the study of the Law, which the sudden eruption of our late civil warres wholie frustrated. my brother continued there for ten or 12 years, and (I thinke) he could be noe lesse than Mr. of Arts. he died (upon an imployment for his majesty,) within 5 or 6 miles of Oxford, in the yeare that the last great plague visited London. He was buried by Sr. Robert Murrey (his great friend,) & then Secretary of Estate for the kingdome of Scotland: to whome he gave all his bookes & manuscripts. The several Tractates, which he published in his life-tyme, were these followinge:

*In Brecknock-shire.

☞ *Two Autobiographical Letters* ☞

Anthroposophia Theo-magica.

Magia Adamica.

Lumen de Lumine: all printed by Mr. Humphrey Blunden att the Castle in Corn-hill.

Aula Lucis, a short discourse printed for William Leak att the Crowne betwixt the two temple-gates in fleet street.

The Historie of the fraternitie of the Rosie Crosse: with his animadversions & Judgement of them. Printed for Giles Calvert att the west end of Paules. These are all that came to my cognisance.

What past into the presse from me, this short Catalogue comprehends;

Silex Scintillans: Sacred poems & private Ejaculations in two bookes:

The Mount of Olives: or solitarie Devotions.

Olor Iscanus: A Collection of some poems & translations: printed for Mr. Humphrey Moseley.

Flores Solitudinis: A translation of some choice peeces out of the Latine, With the life of Paulinus Bishop of Nola, collected out of his owne writtings, and other primitive Authours.

Nollius his Systema medicinæ Hermeticum, & his discourse de generatione done into English. To these you may adde (if you thinke it fitt,)

Thalia Rediviva, a peece now ready for the presse, with the Remaines of my brothers Latine Poems (for many of them are lost,) never published before: butt (I believe) wilbe very wellcome, & prove inferiour to none of that kind, that is yet extant.

Dr. Powell of Cantre I can give you an exact account of, as soone as I have Conference with his brother,

❧ *Two Autobiographical Letters* ❧

whoe is my nighbour: you shall have it in my next. The other persons mentioned in your leter, were Northwales gent & unknowne to any in these parts. If tyme will permitt, I advise you to Consult (by leter) with Dr. Thomas Ellis sometymes of Jesus College, butt livinge now att Dole y gellie in the County of Merionith.

He hath bine many yeares busied in makinge up a supplement to Dr. Powells Chronicle, & knowes more of him than any man else doth, and (I believe) of all the rest. He is a person of excellent accomplishments, & very solid learninge. My brothers employment was in physic & Chymistrie. He was ordayned minister by bishop Mainwaringe & presented to the Rectorie of St. Brigets by his kinsman Sr. George Vaughan.

My profession allso is physic, which I have practised now for many years with good successe (I thank god!) & a repute big enough for a person of greater parts than my selfe.

Deare Sr. I am highly obliged to you that you would be pleased to remember, & reflect upon such low & forgotten thinges, as my brother and my selfe: I shall be ever ready to acknowledge the honour you have done us, & if you have any Concerne in these parts that I may be serviceable in: I humblie beg, that you would call upon & Command

Honour'd Cousin

Breckon June the 15th

—73

Yor. most affectionate

& most faithfull, humble
servant

H: VAUGHAN

❧ *Two Autobiographical Letters* ❧

My Cousin Walbeoffe is exceedinge glad to heare of your health & prsents you with her true love & respects. her sonne is long since dead without yssue, & left the estate (after his mother's decease,) amongst his fathers nearest relations.

To his ever honoured & obliginge
Kinsman John Awbrey Esq.
most humblie these

Leave this leter with Mr. Henry Coley
in Rose & Crowne Court in Grayes
Inne Lane to be delivered as above
directed London.

Worthy Sir

I received your leter in the declination of a tedious and severe sickness with a very slow recovery; butt as soon as I can gett abroad, I will contribute all I can to give satisfaction to your Inquiries; especialy about the learned Dr. John David Rhesus: a person of great & curious learning; butt had the unhappines to sojourn heer in an age that understood him not. for the Stradlings I shall imploy a learned friend I have in Glamorganshire, to pick up what memorials remain of them in those parts.

I received a leter in the beginning of my sicknes from my Cousin John Awbrey about these inquiries you make now, & writt by him in your behalf; butt it was my misfortune to continue so very weak and such a forlorn Clinic, that I could not to this day

↪ *Two Autobiographical Letters* ↪

return him an answer. If you intend a second Edition of the Oxford-historie, I must give you a better account of my brothers books & mine; which are in the first much mistaken, and many omitted. I shall be very carefull of what you have recommended to my trust: & shall (in any thing els) with much chearfullnes & fidelity pay you the respects & service due to a person of such public & obliging deserts.

I am sincerely

Sir

Your most affectionate
& very willing servant

HEN: VAUGHAN.

Newton-St. Brigets, within
three miles of Brechon:

March 25th 1689.

To the reverend, his honoured
friend: Mr. Antonie Wood att
his lodgings in Merton-College
in Oxford: Present this

From POEMS AND OLOR ISCANUS

1646

1651

To all Ingenious Lovers of

P O E S I E

Gentlemen,

To you alone, whose more refined Spirits out-wing these dull Times, and soare above the drudgerie of durty Intelligence, have I made sacred these Fancies: I know the yeares, and what course entertainment they affoord Poetry. If any shall question that Courage that durst send me abroad so late, and revell it thus in the Dregs of an Age, they have my silence: only,

Languescente seculo, liceat ægrotari;

My more calme Ambition, amidst the common noise, hath thus exposed me to the World: You have here a Flame, bright only in its owne Innocence, that kindles nothing but a generous Thought; which though it may warme the Bloud, the fire at highest is but Platonick, and the Commotion, within these limits, excludes Danger: For the Satyre, it was of purpose borrowed, to feather some slower Houres; And what you see here, is but the Interest: It is one of his, whose Roman Pen had as much true Passion, for the infirmities of that state, as we should have Pitty, to the distractions of our owne: Honest (I am sure) it is, and offensive cannot be, except it meet with such Spirits that will quarrell with Antiquitie, or purposely Arraigne themselves; These indeed may thinke, that they have slept out so many Centuries in this Satyre, and are now awaked; which, had it been still Latine, perhaps their Nap had been Everlasting: But enough of these,—It is for you only that I have adventured thus far, and invaded the Presse with Verse; to whose more noble Indulgence, I shall now leave it; and so am gone.

H.V.

TO MY INGENUOUS
Friend, *R.W.*

WHEN we are dead, and now, no more
Our harmless mirth, our wit, and score
Distracts the Towne; when all is spent
That the base niggard world hath lent
Thy purse, or mine; when the loath'd noise
Of Drawers, Prentises, and boyes
Hath left us, and the clam'rous barre -
Items no pints i'th' Moone, or Starre;
When no calme whisp'ers wait the doores,
To fright us with forgotten scores;
And such aged, long bills carry,
As might start an Antiquary;
When the sad tumults of the Maze,
Arrests, suites, and the dreadfull face
Of Seargeants are not seene, and wee
No Lawyers Ruffes, or Gownes must fee:
When all these Mulcts are paid, and I
From thee, deare wit, must part, and dye;
Wee'le beg the world would be so kinde,
To give's one grave, as wee'de one minde;
There (as the wiser few suspect,
That spirits after death affect)
Our soules shall meet, and thence will they
(Freed from the tyranny of clay)
With equall wings, and ancient love
Into the Elysian fields remove,
Where in those blessed walkes they'le find,
More of thy Genius, and my mind:
First, in the shade of his owne bayes,
Great *B E N* they'le see, whose sacred Layes,

The learned Ghosts admire, and throng,
To catch the subject of his Song.
Then *Randolph* in those holy Meades,
His Lovers, and *Amyntas* reads,
Whilst his Nightingall close by,
Sings his, and her owne Elegie;
From thence dismiss'd by subtill roades,
Through airie paths, and sad aboads;
They'le come into the drowsie fields
Of Lethe, which such vertue yeelds,
That (if what Poets sing be true)
The streames all sorrow can subdue.
Here on a silent, shady greene,
The soules of Lovers oft are seene,
Who in their lifes unhappy space,
Were murther'd by some perjur'd face.
All these th' enchanted streames frequent,
To drowne their Cares, and discontent,
That th' inconstant, cruell sex
Might not in death their spirits vex:
And here our soules bigge with delight
Of their new state will cease their flight:
And now the last thoughts will appeare,
They'le have of us, or any here;
But on those flowry banks will stay,
And drinke all sense, and cares away.
So they that did of these discusse,
Shall find their fables true in us.

TO AMORET,
Walking in a Starry Evening

I F *Amoret*, that glorious Eye,
In the first birth of light,
And death of Night,
Had with those elder fires you spye
Scatter'd so high
Received forme, and sight;

We might suspect in the vast Ring,
Amidst these golden glories,
And fierie stories;
Whether the Sunne had been the King,
And guide of Day,
Or your brighter eye should sway;

But, *Amoret*, such is my fate,
That if thy face a Starre
Had shin'd from farre,
I am perswaded in that state
'Twixt thee, and me,
Of some predestin'd sympathie.

For sure such two conspiring minds,
Which no accident, or sight,
Did thus unite;
Whom no distance can confine,
Start, or decline,
One, for another, were design'd.

TO AMORET GONE FROM HIM

FANCY, and I, last Evening walkt,
And, *Amoret*, of thee we talkt;
The West just then had stolne the Sun,
And his last blushes were begun:
We sate, and markt how every thing
Did mourne his absence; How the Spring
That smil'd, and curl'd about his beames,
Whilst he was here, now check'd her streames:
The wanton Eddies of her face
Were taught lesse noise, and smother grace;
And in a slow, sad channell went,
Whisp'ring the banks their discontent:
The carelesse ranks of flowers that spread
Their perfum'd bosomes to his head,
And with an open, free Embrace,
Did entertaine his beamy face;
Like absent friends point to the West,
And on that weake reflection feast.
If Creatures then that have no sence,
But the loose tye of influence,
(Though fate, and time each day remove
Those things that element their love)
At such vast distance can agree,
Why, *Amoret*, why should not wee.

A SONG TO *Amoret*

IF I were dead, and in my place,
Some fresher youth design'd,
To warme thee with new fires, and grace
Those Armes I left behind;

Were he as faithfull as the Sunne,
That's wedded to the Sphere;
His bloud as chaste, and temp'rate runne,
As Aprils mildest teare;

Or were he rich, and with his heapes,
And spacious share of Earth,
Could make divine affection cheape,
And court his golden birth:

For all these Arts I'de not believe,
(No though he should be thine)
The mighty Amorist could give
So rich a heart as mine.

Fortune and beauty thou mightst finde,
And greater men then I:
But my true resolved minde,
They never shall come nigh.

For I not for an houre did love,
Or for a day desire,
But with my soule had from above,
This endles holy fire.

A RHAPSODIS

*Occasionally written upon a meeting with some of his friends
at the Globe Taverne, in a Chamber painted over head
with a Cloudy Skie, and some few dispersed Starres, and
on the sides with Land-scapes, Hills, Shepheards, and
Sheep.*

DARKNES, & Stars i' th' mid day! they invite
Our active fancies to beleve it night:
For Tavernes need no Sunne, but for a Signe,
Where rich Tobacco, and quick tapers shine;
And royall, witty Sacke, the Poets soule,
With brighter Suns then he doth guild the bowl;
As though the Pot, and Poet did agree,
Sack should to both Illuminator be.
That artificiall Cloud with it's curl'd brow,
Tels us 'tis late; and that blew space below
Is fir'd with many Stars; Marke, how they breake
In silent glaunces o're the hills, and speake
The Evening to the Plaines; where shot from far,
They meet in dumbe salutes, as one great Star.

The roome (me thinks) growes darker; & the aire
Contracts a sadder colour, and lesse faire:
Or is't the Drawers skill, hath he no Arts
To blind us so, we cann't know pints from quarts?
No, no, 'tis night; looke where the jolly Clowne
Musters his bleating heard, and quits the Downe.
Harke! how his rude pipe frets the quiet aire,
Whilst ev'ry Hill proclaimes *Lycoris* faire.
Rich, happy man! that canst thus watch, and sleep,
Free from all cares; but thy wench, pipe & sheep.

But see the Moone is up; view where she stands
Centinell o're the doore, drawn by the hands

Of some base Painter, that for gaine hath made
Her face the Landmarke to the tipling trade.
This Cup to her, that to *Endymion* give;
'Twas wit at first, and wine that made them live:
Choake may the Painter! and his Boxe disclose
No other Colours then his fiery Nose;
And may we no more of his pencill see,
Then two Churchwardens, and Mortalitie.

Should we goe now a wandring, we should meet
With Catchpoles, whores, & Carts in ev'ry street:
Now when each narrow lane, each nooke & Cave,
Signe-posts, & shop-doors, pimp for ev'ry knave,
When riotous sinfull plush, and tell-tale spurs
Walk Fleet street, & Strand, when the soft stirs
Of bawdy, ruffled Silks, turne night to day;
And the lowd whip, and Coach scolds all the way;
When lust of all sorts, and each itchie bloud
From the Tower-wharfe to Cymbelyne, and Lud,
Hunts for a Mate, and the tyr'd footman reeles
'Twixt chaire-men, torches, & the hackny wheels:

Come, take the other dish; it is to him
That made his horse a Senatour: Each brim
Looke big as mine; The gallant, jolly Beast
Of all the Herd (you'le say) was not the least.

Now crown the second bowle, rich as his worth,
I'le drinke it to; he! that like fire broke forth
Into the Senates face, crost Rubicon,
And the States pillars, with their Lawes thereon:
And made the dull gray beards, & furr'd gowns fly
Into *Brundusium* to consult, and lye:

This to brave *Sylla*! why should it be sed,
We drinke more to the living, then the dead?
Flatt'ners, and fooles doe use it: Let us laugh
At our owne honest mirth; for they that quaffe

To honour others, doe like those that sent
 Their gold and plate to strangers to be spent:
 Drink deep; this Cup be pregnant; & the wine
 Spirit of wit, to make us all divine, .
 That big with Sack, and mirth we may retyre
 Possessours of more soules, and nobler fire;
 And by the influx of this painted Skie,
 And labour'd formes, to higher matters flye;
 So, if a Nap shall take us, we shall all,
 After full Cups have dreames Poeticall.

*Lets laugh now, and the prest grape drinke,
 Till the drowsie Day-Starre winke;
 And in our merry, mad mirth run
 Faster, and further then the Sun;
 And let none his Cup forsake,
 Till that Starre againe doth wake;
 So we men below shall move
 Equally with the gods above.*

*To AMORET, of the difference 'twixt him, and other Lovers,
 and what true Love is*

MARKE, when the Evenings cooler wings
 Fanne the afflicted ayre, how the faint Sunne,
 Leaving undone,
 What he begunne,
 Those spurious flames suckt up from slime, and earth
 To their first, low birth,
 Resignes, and brings.

~ Poems & Olor Iscanus ~

They shoot their tinsill beames, and vanities,
Thredding with those false fires their way;
But as you stay
And see them stray,
You loose the flaming track, and subt'ly they
Languish away,
And cheate your Eyes.

Just so base, Sublunarie Lovers hearts
Fed on loose prophane desires,
May for an Eye,
Or face comply:
But those removed, they will as soone depart,
And shew their Art,
And painted fires.

Whil'st I by pow'rfull Love, so much refin'd,
That my absent soule the same is,
Carelesse to misse,
A glaunce, or kisse,
Can with those Elements of lust and sence,
Freely dispence,
And court the mind.

Thus to the North the Loadstones move,
And thus to them th' enamour'd steel aspires:
Thus, *Amoret*,
I doe affect;
And thus by winged beames, and mutuall fire,
Spirits and Stars conspire,
And this is LOVE.

THE CHARNEL-HOUSE

BLESSE me! what damp's are here? how stiffe an
Kelder of mists, a second *Fiats* care, [aire?
 Frontspeece o'th' grave and darkness, a Display
 Of ruin'd man, and the disease of day;
 Leane, bloudless shamle, where I can descrie
 Fragments of men, Rags of Anatomie;
 Corruptions ward-robe, the transplantive bed
 Of mankind, and th'Exchequer of the dead.
 How thou arrests my sense? how with the sight
 My *Winter'd* bloud growes stiffe to all delight?
Torpedo to the Eye! whose least glance can
 Freeze our wild lusts, and rescue head-long man;
 Eloquent silence! able to Immure
 An *Atheists* thoughts, and blast an *Epicure*.
 Were I a *Lucian*, Nature in this dresse
 Would make me wish a Saviour, and Confesse.

Where are you shoreless thoughts, vast tenter'd hope,
 Ambitious dreams, *Aymes* of an Endless scope,
 Whose stretch'd Excesse runs on a string too high
 And on the rack of self-extension dye?
Chamellons of state, Aire-monging band,
 Whose breath (like Gun-powder) blowes up a land,
 Come see your dissolution, and weigh
 What a loath'd nothing you shall be one day,
 As th' Elements by Circulation passe
 From one to th'other, and that which first was
 Is so again, so 'tis with you; The grave
 And Nature but Complott, what the one gave,
 The other takes; Think then, that in this bed
 There sleeps the Reliques of as proud a head
 As stern and subtile as your own, that hath
 Perform'd, or forc'd as much, whose tempest-wrath

Hath levell'd Kings with slaves, and wisely then
 Calme these high furies, and descend to men;
 Thus *Cyrus* tam'd the *Macedon*, a tombe
 Checkt him, who thought the world too straight a

Have I obey'd the *Powers* of a face, [Room.

A beauty able to undoe the Race
 Of easie man? I look but here, and strait
 I am Inform'd, the lovely Counterfeit
 Was but a smother Clay. That famish'd slave
 Begger'd by wealth, who starves that he may save,
 Brings hither but his sheet; Nay, th'*Ostrich-man*
 That feeds on *steale* and *bullet*, he that can
 Outswear his *Lordship*, and reply as tough
 To a kind word, as if his tongue were *Buffe*,
 Is *Chap-faln* here, wormes without wit, or fear
 Defie him now, death hath disarm'd the *Bear*.
 Thus could I run o'r all the pitteous score
 Of erring men, and having done meet more,
 Their shuffled *Wills*, abortive, vain *Intents*,
 Phantastick *humours*, perillous *Ascents*,
 False, empty *honours*, traiterous *delights*,
 And whatsoe'r a blind Conceit Invites;
 But these and more which the weak vermins swell,
 Are Couch'd in this Accumulative Cell
 Which I could scatter; But the grudging Sun
 Calls home his beams, and warns me to be gone,
 Day leaves me in a double night, and I
 Must bid farewell to my sad library.
 Yet with these notes. Henceforth with thought of thee
 I'll season all succeeding Jollitie,
 Yet damn not mirth, nor think too much is fit,
 Excesse hath no *Religion*, nor *Wit*,
 But should wild bloud swell to a lawless strain
 One Check from thee shall *Channel* it again.

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND MASTER T. Lewis

SEES not my friend, what a deep snow
Candies our Countries wooddy brōw?
The yeelding branch his load scarce bears
Opprest with snow, and *frozen tears*,
While the *dumb* rivers slowly float,
All bound up in an *Icie Coat*.

Let us meet then! and while this world
In wild *Excentricks* now is hurld,
Keep wee, like nature, the same *Key*,
And walk in our forefathers way;
Why any more cast wee an Eye
On what *may come*, not what is *nigh*?
Why vex our selves with *feare*, or *hope*
And cares beyond our *Horoscope*?
Who into future times would peere
Looks oft beyond his terme set here,
And cannot goe into those grounds
But through a *Church-yard* which them bounds;
Sorrows and sighes and searches spend
And draw our bottome to an end,
But discreet Joyes lengthen the lease
Without which life were a disease,
And who this age a Mourner goes,
Doth with his tears but feed his foes.

From THE MOUNT OF OLIVES 1652

∞ The Mount of Olives ∞

M A N
I N
D A R K N E S S
O R, A D I S C O U R S E
O F
D E A T H

Eccles. 11. 7, 8, 9, & 10.

Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is to behold the Sun.

But if a man live many dayes and rejoyce in them all, yet, let him remember the dayes of darknesse, for they are many.

Rejoyce, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheere thee in the dayes of thy youth, and walk in the wayes of thy heart, and in the sight of thine eyes, but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgement.

Therefore remove sorrow from thy heart, and put away evil from thy flesh, for childhood and youth are vanity.

¶

Draw neer, fond man, and dresse thee by this glasse,
Mark how thy bravery and big looks must passe
Into corruption, rottennesse and dust;
The fraile Supporters which betray'd thy trust.
O weigh in time thy last and loathsome state,
To purchase heav'n for tears is no hard rate.
Our glory, greatnesse, wisdom, all we have,
If misemploy'd, but adde hell to the grave:
Onely a faire redemption of evill Times
Finds life in death, and buryes all our Crimes.

~ The Mount of Olives ~

* A Proverb in
Italy, La notte
è madre de
pensieri.

It is an observation of some *spirits*, that **the night is the mother of thoughts*. And I shall adde, that those thoughts are *Stars*, the *Scintillations* and *lightnings* of the soul struggling with *darknesse*. This *Antipathy* in her is *radical*, for being descended from the *house of light*, she hates a contrary *principle*, and being at that time a prisoner in some measure to an enemy, she becomes pensive, and full of thoughts. Two great *extremes* there are, which she equally abhors, *Darkness* and *Death*. And 'tis observable, that in the *second death*, when she shall be wholly mancipated to her enemies, those two are united. For those furious and unquenchable burnings of hell (which the *Scripture* calls *the lake of fire*, &c.) though they be of such an insuperable *intense heat*, as to work upon *spirits*, and the most subtile *Essences*, yet do they give no light at all, but burn blacker then *pitch*, *Cremationem habet, lumen vero non habet*. (Greg. Mor. c. 46.) The Contemplation of *death* is an obscure, melancholy *walk* an Ex-patiation in *shadows* & *solitude*, but it leads unto *life*, & he that sets forth at *midnight*, will sooner meet the *Sunne*, then he that sleeps it out betwixt his curtains. Truly, when I consider, how I came first into this world, and in what condition I must once again go out of it, and compare my appointed time here with the *portion* preceding it, and the *eternity* to follow, I can conclude my present *being* or *state* (in respect of the *time*) to be nothing else but an *apparition*. The first man that appeared thus, came from the *East*, and the *breath of life* was received there. Though then we travel *Westward*, though we embrace *thornes* and swet for *thistles*, yet the businesse of a *Pilgrim* is to seek his *Countrey*. But the *land of darknesse* lies in our way, and how few are they that study this *region*, that like holy

❧ *The Mount of Olives* ❧

Macarius walk into the wilderness, and discourse with the skull of a dead man? We run all after the present world, and the Primitive Angelical life is quite lost.

It is a sad perversnesse of *man*, to preferre warre to peace, cares to rest, grief to joy, and the vanities of this narrow Stage to the true and solid comforts in heaven. *The friends of this world* (saith a holy father) *are so fearful to be separated from it, that nothing can be so grievous to them as to think of death. They put farre away the evill day, and cause the seate of violence to come neer; They lie upon beds of Ivory, and stretch themselves upon their Couches; they eat the lambs out of the flock, and the calves out of the midst of the stall; They chant to the sound of the viol, they drink wine in bowls, and anoint themselves with the chief ointments; they account the life of the righteous to be madness, and his end to be without honour, Amos 6.* In this desperate and senselesse state they cast away their precious souls, and make their brightest dayes but *dayes of darknesse and gloominesse, dayes of clouds and of thicke mists.* They consider not the day that shall burne like an Oven, when the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the Elements shall melt with a fervent heat; when the wicked shall be stubble, and all the workers of iniquity shall be burnt up. Miserable men! that knowing their masters pleasure, will not do it, that refuse Oyle and balsame to make way for poyson and corrasives. And why will they call him *Master, Master*, whose precepts they trample on, and whose members they crucifie? It is a sad observation for true Christians to see these men who would seem to be Pillars, to prove but reeds and specious dissemblers. For what manner of livers should such *professors* be, seeing they expect and beleieve the dissolution of all things? With what

Contempsit
mori
Qui non
concupiscit

constant holinesse, humility and devotion should they watch for it? How should they *pass the time of their sojourning here in fear, and be diligent that they may be found of him in peace, without spot, and blamelesse?* What preparation should they make against the evill day? What comforts and treasures should they lay up for that long voyage? For what a day of terrors and indignation is the day of death to the unprepared? How will they lie on their last beds, *like wilde Bulls in a net, full of the fury of the Lord?* When *their desolation shall come like a flood, and their destruction like a whirlwind;* How will they say in the morning, *would God it were Even,* and at night, *would God it were Morning!* for the fear of their heart wherewith they shal fear, and for the sight of their Eyes wherewith they shall see? This is a truth they will not believe, untill death tells it them, and then it will be too late; It is therefore much to be wished, that they would yet, while it is life-time with them, remember their last ends, and seriously question with themselves, what is there under the Sun, that can so justly challenge their thoughts as the contemplation of their own mortality? We could not have lived in an age of more instruction, had we been left to our own choice. We have seen such vicissitudes and examples of humane frailty, as the former world (had they happened in those ages) would have judged prodigies. We have seen Princes brought to their graves by a new way, and the highest order of humane honours trampled upon by the lowest. We have seene Judgement beginning at Gods Church, and (what hath beene never heard of, since it was redeem'd and established by his blessed Son,) *we have seen his Ministers cast out of the Sanctuary, & barbarous persons without *light or perfection*, usurping

*There is extant a little book called *Speculum Visionis* printed at *Norimberge* 1508 wherein this fearful desolation and destruction of the Church by Laymen is expressly foretold.

holy offices. A day, an hour, a minute (saith *Causabone*) is sufficient to over-turn and extirpate the most settled Governments, which seemed to have been founded and rooted in Adamant. Suddenly do the high things of this world come to an end, and their delectable things passe away, for when they seem to be in their *flowers* and full strength, they perish to astonishment; And sure the ruine of the most goodly peeces seems to tell, that the dissolution of the whole is not far off. It is the observation of a known Statesman, (Sir *Water Rawleigh*) *That to all dominions God hath set their periods, who though he hath given to man the knowledge of those wayes, by which Kingdoms rise and fall, yet he hath left him subject unto the *affections which draw on these fatal mutations in their appointed time.* Vain therefore and deceitful is all the pomp of this world, which though it flatters us with a seeming permanency, will be sure to leave us even then, when we are most in chase of it. And what comfort then, or what security can poor man promise to himself? whose breath is in the hand of another, and whose few dayes are most commonly out-lived by every creature, and sometimes by a *flower* of his own *setting*. Or what benefit can these *humane delights though blest with successe, and a large time of fruition, afford him at his death? for satisfaction in this point, let us but have recourse to the ages that are past, let us aske the *Fathers*, & they will tell us. If we insist upon eminent persons, the rulers of this world, & the Counsellors of the earth who built *sumptuous Palaces for themselves and filled their houses with silver*; we shall have no better account from them, then if we enquired of the *prisoners* & the oppressed. They are gone all the same way, *their pomp & the noise of their viols is brought down to the grave,*

*N. Marcellus
de doctorum in-
dagine. Potest
fatum morum
mutabilitate
converti, ut ex
iis celerius vel
tardius aut
bonum fiat, aut
pessimum.

*Non est, faller-
is, hæc beata
non est,
Quam vos cre-
ditis esse, vita
non est.
Fulgentes mani-
bus videre
gemmas,
Aut auro bibere
& cubare
cocco:
Qui vultus Ac-
herontis atri,
Qui Styga tris-
tem non tris-
tis videt,
Audetque vitæ
ponere finem,
Par ille regi, par
superis erit.

*the worms cover them, and the worms are spread under them. Riches and power travel not beyond this life; they are like Jobs friends, deceitful as a brook, and as the stream of brooks they passe away, which vanish when it is hot, and are consumed out of their place. Hast thou found riches (saith one) then, thou hast lost thy rest. Distractions & cares come along with them, and they are seldome gotten without the worme of conscience. It was an act of Anacreon becoming the royalty of a Poets spirit: Policrates rewards him with five talents; but he, after he had been troubled with the keeping of them for two nights, carries them back to the owner, telling him, that, if he had been accustomed to such companions he had never made any verses. Certainly there is so much of Mammon and darknesse in them, as sufficeth to shew their parentage is low, and not very far from hell. Some such thing we may gather from that exclamation of S. James against the rich men; *Your gold and your silver is canker'd, and the rust of them shall be a witnesse against you, and shall eate your flesh as it were fire, you have heaped treasure together for the last dayes.* But to return thither from whence we are digrest: What is become now of these great Merchants of the earth, and where is the fruit of all their labours under the Sun? Why, truly they are taken out of the way as all others, and they are cut off as the tops of the eares of corn. Their dwelling is in the dust, and as for their place here, it lies wast, & is not known: *Nettles and Brambles come up in it, and the Owle and the Raven dwell in it.* But if you will visit them at their long homes, and knock at those desolate doors, you shall finde some remains of them, a heap of loathsomness and corruption. O miserable and sad mutations! (*Petrarch. de otio Rel.*) Where is now their pompous & shining train? Where are their triumphs, fire-*

~ The Mount of Olives ~

*works, and feasts, with all the ridiculous tumults of a popular, prodigious pride? Where is their purple and fine linen, their chains of massie gold, and sparkling ornaments of pearls? Where are their Cooks and Carvers, their *fowlers and fishers? Where are their curious Utensils, their Cups of Agate, Chrystal, and China-earth? Where are their sumptuous Chambers, where they inclosed themselves in Cedar, Ivory, and Ebony? Where is their Musick, their soft and delicate dressings, pleasing motions, and excellency of looks? Where are their rich perfumes, costly Conserves, with their precious and various store of forreign and domestick wines? Where are their sons and their daughters fair as the flowers, strait as the Palm-trees, and polish'd as the corners of the Temple? O pittiful and astonishing transformations! all is gone, all is dust, deformity, and desolation. Their bones are scater'd in the pit, and instead of well-set hair, there is baldnesse and loathsomnesse instead of beauty. This is the state of their bodies, and (O blessed Jesus!) who knowes the state of their souls? To have a sad guesse at this, it will not be much out of our way, if we step and visit a Roman Emperour upon his death-bed. If you desire his name, it is Hadrianus, the most ingenious and learned that ever sate upon the throne of Cæsar. You may beleieve, he was royally accommodated, and wanted nothing which this world could afford; but how farre he was from receiving any comfort in his death from that pompous and fruitlesse abundance, you will learn from his own mouth, consider (I pray) what he speaks, for they are the words of a dying man, and spoken by him to his departing soul,*

Animula vagula, blandula,
Hospes comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca?

*Ingeniosa gula
est: siculo
scarus æquore
mersus
Ad mensam
vividus per-
ducitur, inde
lucrinis
Eruta littoribus
vendunt con-
chylia cænas
Ut renouent
per damna
famem. Jam
Phasidos
unda,
Orbata est avi-
bus; mutoque
in littore tan-
tum
Solæ desertis as-
pirant frondi-
bus auræ.

More sola fatetur
Quantula sunt
hominum
corpuscula.

~ The Mount of Olives ~

Pallidula, querula, nudula,
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos.

*My soul, my pleasant soul and witty,
The guest and consort of my body,
Into what place now all alone
Naked and sad wilt thou be gone?
No mirth, no wit, as heretofore,
Nor Jests wilt thou afford me more.*

Certainly, this is the saddest *poetrie*, that ever I met with; and what he thought of his soul in that last *agonie*, when the *pangs* of death came *thick* upon him, is enough to draw tears and commiseration from a heart of flint. O happy then, yea Infinitely happy is that religious liver, who is ever meditating upon the houre of death before it comes, that when it is come, he may passe through it with joy, and speak to his soul in the language of old *Hilarion*, **Go forth, O my soul, go forth; what is it that thou art afraid of? Seventy yeers almost hast thou serv'd Christ, and art thou now afraid of death?*

*Egrederere, quid times? egredere anima mea; Septuaginta prope annis Christo servisti, & mortem times? Hieron. in vita Hilar.

Alas! what is *life* if truly and thoroughly considered, that we should trust to it, and promise to our selves a multitude of years, as if we held *time* by the wings, and had the *spirit* of life in our own hands? Our present life (saith *Chrysostome*) is a meere apparition, and differs but very little from a dreame; therefore that minde which is proud of a shadow, and relies upon a dreame, is very idle and childish. Natural histories tell us of a bird called *Hemerobios* by the river *Hypanis*, which receives his life in the morning, sings at noon, and dyes at night. This bird may very well signifie our *life*, and by the river we may understand *time*, upon whose brink we are always pearching. *Time* runs faster then any

~ The Mount of Olives ~

streame, and our *life* is swifter than any *bird*, and oft-times all the pomp of it comes to an end in one *day*, yea sometimes in an *houre*. There is no *object* we can look upon, but will do us the kindnesse to put us in minde of our mortality, if we would be so wise as to make use of it. The *day* dyes into *night*, the *spring* into *winter*, *flowers* have their *rootes* ever in their *graves*, *leaves* loose their *greenenesse*, and drop under our feete where they *flye* about and *whisper* unto us. The *beasts* run the Common lott with *us* and when they dye by our hands to give us *nourishment*, they are so kinde as to give us *Instruction* also. And if from these *frailer objects* we turne our Eyes to things that are more *permanent*, we may by the doctrine of *contrarities* make them as useful as any of the former; And this is elegantly done by the *poet*, who was then *serious* and *stayed* enough, though somewhat *passionate*.

Nam mihi quid prodest quod longo flumina cursu
Semper inexhaustis prona feruntur aquis?

Ista manent: nostri sed non mansere parentes,
Exigui vitam temporis hospes ago.

*What is't to me that spacious rivers run
Whole ages and their streams are never done?,
Those still remain: but all my fathers di'd,
And I my self but for few dayes abide.*

Thus he of the *water-course*, which he saw would out-run him, and will do so with all that come after him. But the quick *tyde* of mans life, when it is once turned and begins to *ebbe*, will never *flow* again. The *Spring* comes constantly once a yeere, and *flowers*, when the *frosts* are past, keep *house* no longer under *ground*, but feel the *Sun*, and come *abroad*. The *leaves* come again to *whisper* over our heads, and are as

green and as gay as ever, but man dieth and wasteth away, yea man giveth up the ghost, and where is he? In these sad contemplations was the *Brittish Bard*, when he broke out into this Eloquent complaint

**Mis mawrddh rhyddhig Adar,
Pob peth y ddhaw trwa ddhagar,
Ond y marw maur by garchar.**

*In March birds couple, a new birth
Of herbs and flowers breaks through the earth,
But in the grave none stirs his head;
Long is th' Impris'ment of the dead.*

The dayes of darknesse are many, and he that goeth down to the grave shall not come up, his place shall not know him, nor shall he returne to his house; he shall not be awaked nor raised out of his sleep, untill the heavens be no more. These last words were put in for our comfort, and imply the *resurrection* or the time of restoring all things. This was manifested to *Ezekiel* by the vision of dry bones with a noise and a shaking amongst them, and they came together bone to bone, and were clothed with sinews, flesh and skin, and the breath of life entered into them, and they stood upon their feet an exceeding great army. We have it also confirmed out of the mouth of *Jesus Christ* himself, *John* 5. 28, 29. his words are these, *Marvel not at this, for the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the grave shall hear his voyce; And they shall come forth that have done good unto the resurrection of life; but they that have done evill unto the resurrection of condemnation.* The *Scripture* is every where full of these *proofs*: But I shall insist only upon three.

1. *For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the later day upon the earth. And though after*

❧ *The Mount of Olives* ❧

my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God. Whom I shall see for my self, and mine eyes shall behold and not another, though my reins be consumed within me. Job. 19. 25, 26, 27.

2. *Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise; Awake and sing ye that dwell in the dust, or thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead.* Isa. 26. 19.

3. *Behold (O my people) I will open your graves; and cause you to come up out of your graves; And ye shall know that I am the Lord when I have opened your graves, O my people, and brought you up out of your graves, and shall put my spirit in you, and yee shall live.* Ezek. 37. 12, 13, 14.

And thus have we most full and absolute promises from the *divine spirit*, and from *Jesus Christ*, who is the *life of the world*, for the redemption of our bodies. Nor are we left destitute of very clear and inexcusable demonstrations of it in *nature*. We see mortal men when the *body* and *substance* of *vegetables* is consumed in the *fire*, out of their very *ashes* to make *glasse*, which is a very bright and noble *body*, how much more shall the Immortal and Almighty God (who created all things of nothing) out of dust and corruption, raise us up incorrupt and glorious bodies? *Thou fool* (saith St. Paul) *that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die first; and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body which shall be, but bare grain; but God giveth it a body as he pleaseth.* There are in *nature* many *creatures* which at certain *seasons*, that their *spirit* is inconsistent with, fall into a *dormition*, or *dead sleep* which differs little from *death*, and convey themselves into *secret places*, as *hollow trees*, or some *desolate ruins*, where they may rest in safety during that *season*, as being taught by some *secret informant* that they shall

awake again. Here we have a clear type of the *resurrection*, for what else is *death* but *sleep*, as the *Apostle* calls it? A great *Philosopher* and *Secretary* to *nature* discoursing of the *resurrection* of the *dead*, tells us, that he oftentimes lighted upon some of those creatures in that dark state of dormition, and did dissect some of them, and cut off the limbs of others, and yet (saith he) could I perceive no signe of life at all in them, their arteries and flesh being as hard and as dry as a stick, but casting them into a pot of seething water, they would soften by degrees, and shortly after stir about, and those very parts which were dissected, would give very clear and satisfactory Indications of life. This is so strong a *Symbol* of the *resurrection*, that I think it needlesse to make any application. Onely this I shall adde, that the curious observers of nature reckon these creatures amongst those of the *lunar order*; And indeed if we consider well the nature of that *planet* (whose *sphere* is the *veil* or **partition* drawn betwixt us and *Immortality*) and whose *relation* to this lower world is more *intimate*, and of a *greater tye* then any of the other *six*, we shall finde that she exactly typifies and demonstrates unto us those two famous *states* of terrestrial bodies, *viz.* their state of *darknesse* and their state of *glory*, their *dissolution* and *restoration*; for she doth *agonizare*, and suffers a monethly *recession* of *light*, and in a short time becomes *full* again. And I pray, are not *light* and *life* compatriots? What else is *death* but the *recession* and *absence* of *life*? or *darknesse* but the *absence* of *light*?

*Omne quod est
supra lunam
æternumque
bonumque
Esse scias nec
triste aliquid
cœlestia tan-
git.
Quippe ultra
fines lunæ il-
lætabile nil
est;
Cuncta mala in
terris posuit
Deus, illaque
clausit
In medio, &
veruit sacrum
contingere
cælum.
Supra autem lu-
nam lucis sunt
omnia plena
Nec non lætitiæ
& pacis; non
tempus & er-
ror
Et senium &
mors est illic,
nec inutile
quicquam.
Mar. Pal.

Sic nostros casus solatur mundus in astris.

So our decays God comforts by
The Stars concurrent state on high.

Do not we see divers birds of this *regiment* such as

~ The Mount of Olives ~

are commonly known to us, with other meaner Creatures as *silk-worms* and the *humble-bee*, which are not so contemptible, but they may serve us for noble instances in this point, seeing there is in them a *living spirit*, and that creatures of the same *rank* with them are recorded in Gods own *word*, yea, and are own'd by him as *memorable* and *select Instruments* of his service, as *Joshuah*, *Cap. 24. ver. 12.* *And I sent the hornet before you, which drove them out from before you, even the two kings of the Amorites, but not with thy sword, nor with thy bowe.* And *Isaiah Chap. 6 ver. 18, 19.* *And it shall come to passe in that day, that the Lord shall hisse for the flye that is in the uttermost parts of the river of Egypt, and for the Bee that is in the land of Assyria; And they shall come, and shall rest all of them in the desolate valleys, and in the holes of the rocks, and upon all thornes, and upon all bushes.* I say then, do not we see that these *birds* and *inferiour creatures* which in the *spring* and *summer* continue here very merry and *musical*, do on a sudden leave us, and all *winter-long* suffer a kind of *death*, and with the *Suns* warmth in the *youth* of the year awake again, and *refresh* the world with their *reviv'd notes*? For the singing of birds is *naturalis musica mundi*, to which all *arted strains* are but *discord* and *hardnesse*; How much more then shall *Jesus Christ* the *Sun of righteousness* rising with healing under his wings, awake those that sleep in him, and bring them again with a joyful resurrection?

Having then these *prolusions* and strong *proofs* of our *restoration* laid out in *nature*, besides the promise of the *God* of nature, who cannot faile, let us so dispose of this short time of our sojourning here, that we may with joy and sure comforts expect that day of refreshing. Let us number our dayes, and apply our hearts

unto wisdom. What ever happens here under our feet, let it not draw down our eyes from the *hill*, whence cometh our help. Let not these sudden and prodigious mutations (like violent *earth-quakes*) shake our foundation; let us hold fast the *faith*, and presse towards the *mark*, that whether absent or present we may be accepted of him; for many are already gone astray, and have slipt into the same damnable estate with those *wretches*, whom a very *Heathen* could reprove,

Sunt qui in fortunæ jam casibus omnia ponunt,
Et nullo credunt mundum rectore moveri,
Natura volvente vices & lucis & anni.

*There are that do believe all things succeed
By chance or fortune, & that nought's decreed
By a divine, wise will; but blindly call
Old time and nature rulers over all.*

Let us consider him that is *invisible*, and *those that are righteous, let them be righteous still; let them have respect unto the recompence of the reward, for he comes quickly, and his reward is with him. Let us endure unto the end, and overcome, that we may have right unto the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the City: for, Ex hoc momento pendet æternitas.* Upon our little inch of time in this life, depends the length and breadth, the height and depth of Immortality in the world to come: even two eternities, the one infinitely accursed, the other infinitely blessed. I remember (saith a reverend Author) that I have read (and not without admiration) of some Primitive *Christian*, that considered with himself the eternity of the torments to be endured in hell, after this manner. "*What man living*" (said he) *that were in his right minde and reason, if he*

☞ *The Mount of Olives* ☞

“were offered the most spacious and flourishing Kingdoms of
 “France, Spain and Polonia, onely for lying continually
 “upon any one part of his body in a bed of roses for the space
 “of forty yeers, would accept of them upon that condition?
 “And though perhaps such a mad man could be found, as
 “would accept of the offer, yet, it is a thing most certain,
 “that before three yeers would come about, he would get him
 “up, and beg to have the conditions cancell’d. And what mad-
 “nesse then is it, for the enjoying of one minutes pleasure, for
 “the satisfaction of our sensual, corrupt appetite, to lie for
 “ever in a bed of burning brasse, in the lake of eternal and
 “unquenchable fire? Suppose (saith the same Writer) that
 “this whole Globe of earth were nothing else but a huge
 “masse, or mountain of sand, and that a little Wren came
 “but once in every thousand yeers to fetch away but one grain
 “of that huge heap; what an innumerable number of yeers
 “would be spent, before that world of sand could be so fetcht
 “away? And yet (alas!) when the damned have laine in that
 “fiery lake so many yeers as all those would amount to, they
 “are no nearer coming out, then the first houre they entered in.
 To the same purpose is this Hymne of the Ancients.

*Ex quo poli perfecti
 Aude numero complecti
 Stellas cæli, stillas roris,
 Undas aquei floris,
 Guttas imbris pluvialis,
 Floccos velleris nivalis.
 Quot sunt vere novo flores,
 Quot odores, quot colores,
 Quot vinacios Autumnus,
 Poma legit & vertumnus;
 Quot jam grana tulit æstas,
 Frondes hyemis tempestas,
 Totus orbis animantes,*

~ The Mount of Olives ~

*Aër atomos volantes,
Pilos feræ, pecus villos,
Vertex hominum capillos;
Adde littoris arenas,
Adde graminis verbenas,
Tot myriades Annorum,
Quot momenta sæculorum:
Heus adhuc æternitatis
Portus fugit a damnatis!*

*Æternum, æternum! quanta hæc duratio, quanta!
Quam speranda bonis, quamque tremenda malis!*

From the first hour the heavn's were made
Unto the last, when all shall fade,
Count (if thou canst) the drops of dew,
The stars of heav'n and streams that flow;
The falling snow, the dropping showres,
And in the moneth of *May* the flowres,
Their sents and colours, and what store
Of grapes and apples Autumne bore;
How many grains the Summer beares,
What leaves the wind in Winter tears;
Count all the creatures in the world,
The motes which in the air are hurl'd,
The haires of beasts and mankind, and
The shores innumerable sand,
The blades of grasse, and to these last
Adde all the yeers which now are past,
With those whose course is yet to come,
And all their minutes in one summe.
When all is done, the damned state
Out-runs them still, and knows no date.

*O Eternity, eternity (saith a holy Father) whose
strength is able to bear out thy torments! And the smoke of*

∞ The Mount of Olives ∞

their torments ascendeth up for ever & ever! & they have no rest day nor night! O what is this same for ever and ever! Gladly would I speak something of it, but I know not what to speak. All that I know, is this; That it is that, which onely the infinitenesse of the Almighty God doth compasse about and comprehend. Seeing then it is so, that eternal pleasures or eternal pains do inavoidably and immediately overtake us after our dissolution, with what unwearied care and watchfulnesse should we continue in well-doing, and work out our salvation with fear and trembling? How should we as strangers and pilgrims abstain from fleshly lusts, which warre against the soul? What manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godlinesse? With what Christian thrift and diligence should we dispose of every minute of our time that we might make our calling and election sure? It is a fearful thing to die without reconciliation; And with what confusion of face and horroure of spirit (if we die in that state,) shall appear before the Judge of all the world? when he shall come to the Clouds of heaven with his holy Angels, and all mankind from the first man created, unto the last that shall be borne upon the earth shall appear before his Judgement-seate. Me thinks I see the remisse, lukewarme professour, and the hypocritical, factious pretender of sanctity looking up to the Clouds, and crying out, O that throne! that flaming, white, and glorious throne! and he that sits thereon, with the sharp sickle in his hand and the crown of pure gold upon his head! Rev. 14. 14, from whose face the heaven and the earth flye away, and the foundations of the world are brought to nothing. Oh! is he the Lamb that was slain whose blood was poured out like water upon the earth to save his people from their sins? Is he the Prince of life that was crown'd with thornes, scourged, spit upon, crucified,

~ The Mount of Olives ~

pierced through, and murdered, and comes he now to judge the world? Oh! It is he! It is he! miserable wretch that I am! What shall I do, or whither shall I go?

Such will be the *dreadful agonies* and *concertations* in that *day* betwixt the *Hypocrite* and his *conscience*, betwixt the *enemies* of Gods truth and their *gasping undone souls*. When the *people* that *forget God* shall go down quick into *hell*, and the *secrets* of all hearts shall be dissolved and laid open before *Angels* and *men*; For in that day all their dark and private *lusts*, their *closet-sins*, *bosome-councels*, *specious pretences*, and *bloody machinations*, which now (like so many *foul spirits*) lurk in their *gloomy breasts*, shall be forced out, and will appear as visible to all *mankind*, as if they were written with the *beams* of the *Sun* upon the pure and unclouded *firmament*.

*Est pœna
præsens con-
sciæ mentis
pavor,
Animusque cul-
pa plenus, &
semet timens.
Scelus aliquis
rutum, nullus
securum tulit.

In the *mean while the very *fowles of the aire*, and their own *horrid guilt* either in time of *distraction* (which they are alwayes subject to) or in their *sleep* (which is alwayes fraught with *penal visions* and *spiritual tumults*) may make a *full discovery* of their most *secret villanies* before the appointed time.

It was a blessed and a glorious age the *Primitive Christians* lived in, when the *wilderness* and the *solitary places* were glad for them, and the *desert* rejoiced and *blossom'd* as the *rose*. When the blood of *Christ* was yet warme, and the memory of his *miracles* and *love* fresh and vigorous; what *Zeale*, what powerful *faith*, what perfect *charity*, hearty *humility*, and true *holiness* was then to be found upon the earth? If we compare the *shining* and *fervent piety* of those *Saints*, with the *painted* and *illuding appearance* of it in *these* of our times, we shall have just cause to fear that our *Candlestick* (which hath been now of a long time under a *Cloud*) is at this very instant upon removing. But I had

rather you should be informed of their true holinesse and love to Christ, by an Eye-witnesse that was conversant with them, and went in and out amongst them, then by a bare relation from my pen. Heare therefore what he saith. *Vidi ego, & vere vidi thesaurum Christi in humanis absconditum vasculis, &c. vidi enim apud eos multos Patres in terra positos cælestem vitam agentes, & novos quosdam Prophetas tam virtutibus animi, quam vaticinandi officio imbutos, &c. Nonnullos namque eorum ita ab omni malitia, cogitatione & suspitione vidimus alienos, ut nec si aliquid mali adhuc in seculo gereretur, meminissent, tanta in eis erat tranquillitas animi, tantusque in eis inoleverat bonitatis affectus, &c. Commanent autem per eremum dispersi & separati cellulis, sed charitatis vinculo connexi. Ob hoc autem dirimuntur habitaculis, ut silentii sui quietem & intentionem mentis nec vox aliqua, nec occursus ullus, aut sermo aliquis otiosus obturbet. Intentis ergo in suo quisque loco animis velut fideles servi adventantem dominum expectant. Omnes hi nullam cibi, aut indumenti, aut ullius horum sollicitudinem gerunt. Justitiam & regnum Dei requirunt, armis orationum pugnant, & scuto fidei ab inimico insidiante protecti patriam sibi cælestem conquirunt. "I have seen (saith he,) "and I was not deceived, the treasure of Christ laid "up in earthen vessels; for amongst those Christians "in Egypt I have seen many Fathers who had here "upon earth already begun the heavenly life; and "regenerate Prophets who were indued not onely "with holy habits, but had received therewith the "Spirit of promise: for I have known many of them "that were so free from malice, perverse thoughtfulness and suspition, as if they had never known "that there were such evill wayes to be followed in "the world, Such a great tranquillity of mind, and "such a powerful love or longing after goodnesse had

*Hieron. in vit. Pat.

“wholly possessed them. They lived dispersed up
“and down the wilderness, and separated from one
“another in several Cells or Cots, but knit all to-
“gether in the perfect bond of Charity. The reason
“of their distinct and distant habitations, was, be-
“cause they would not have the silence of their re-
“tirements disturbed, nor their minds diverted from
“the contemplation of heavenly things by any noyse,
“sudden occurrence, or idle discourse; for this cause
“they have every one their particular mansion,
“where with intente or earnest minds they do
“(like faithful servants) expect and look for the com-
“ing of their Master. They take no thought for meat
“and drink and cloathing, nor for any such accom-
“modations; they seek onely the Kingdome of God
“and the righteousness thereof, they fight with the
“weapons of prayer, & being guarded with the
“shield of faith from the devices of their spiritual
“enemies, so travel on towards their heavenly coun-
“treys. This was the *old way*, and whether we are *in*
“*it*, or *out* of it, is not hard to be decided. A pretended
sanctity from the teeth outward, with the frequent
mention of the *Spirit*, and a presumptuous assuming to
our selves of the stile of *Saints*, when we are within
full of *subtilty*, *malice*, *oppression*, *lewd opinions*, and *di-*
verse lusts, is (I am sure) a convincing argument that
we are not onely *out* of it, but that we have no mind
to returne *into* it. The *way* to heaven is *wet* and *slippery*,
but it is made so with *teares* and not with *blood*; it is
through the *vale of miseries*, and the *raine filleth the*
pooles, Psal. 85. There is no *voyce* in those *shades of*
Palme, but the *voyce* of the *Turtle*, which is alwayes
groning, and *Naturalists* say, *she hath no gall*. It is ill
coming to the *Lamb* of God in a *Wolfes* skin; They

that do so, must be taught that he hath another *tribute*, and they shall finde him a *Lion*. It is strange that (after the experience of almost *six thousand yeares*) men will hazard so highly, as to purchase a few dayes false honours, with the losse of eternal and true glory. In what a horrid darknesse and agony will the pleasures of this world leave us, after we have cast away our bodies and souls in the acquisition of them? how suddenly must the *rich man* leave his *barnes*, and the *oppressour* his ill-gotten *power*? how do they labour under the load of their private guilt, and feele the flames of hell while they are yet alive? With what gloomy and despairing looks do they passe from hence, as if that eternal darknesse they are going into, were already in their faces? It was a sad and a dark reply that *Henry* the *fourth* made to his *hasty son*, when he had taken away the *Crowne*; *God knowes* (said he and sighed) *what right I had unto it*. Tyrants and oppressors may very well be compared to the *Hyæna*; while they prosper, and devour the *prey*, there is nothing to be seene amongst them but *mirth* and *triumphs*; but when they have drank *blood* enough, when they are full and cloyed, *then they *weepe*. The onely difference is this, that the *Hyæna's* teares are deceitful, but the teares of Tyrants springing from their inward guilt and horreur, are woefully true, though (like *storms* in *harvest*) they are unprofitable and prodigious.

*Sinnes are not felt, till they are acted.

The difference betwixt the *righteous* and the *wicked* is to be seen in their *death*. The good man goes hence like the *Sunne* in the *summers evening* chearful and unclouded, his memory is precious here with men, and his spirit is received into the *joy of his Master*. This Saint *Hierome* saw in the death of *Paul* the *Heremite*,

whose *coate* of *Palm-leaves* he preferr'd to the *purple robes* of the proud. Let me now (saith he) aske the great men of this world, whose possessions are numberlesse, and whose dwellings are of marble, what was it, that was ever wanting to this poor old man? They drink rich wines out of gold, and he drank clean water out of the fountains. They have silk and gold weav'd into their coates, and he had not so much as the coarsest wooll. But then is he out of that simple habit carried into Paradise, and they out of their silk and gold into hell. Paul the Heremite hath no covering but the *common earth; Their karkasses are laid up in †costly Sepulchres of marble and brasse; but Paul shall be raised to glory, and they to condemnation. And presently after directing his speech to the Reader, he concludes thus: Who ever thou art, thou shalt reade this Book, I beseech thee to remember Hieronymus the **sinner, who (if God would grant him his desire) had rather be master of Paul the Heremites coate with his rewards then of the purple robes of Princes with their punishments. A dinner of herbes with a good conscience is heavenly fare, and godlinesse is great gaine, if we would be contented therewith. I do not so much admire Apitius his feasts, and Cleopatra's banquets of dissolved pearles, as I do the Raven of Elias, and Hilarion's Crow. Neither can I in this place passe by that old Cilician and Countrey-man of Saint Paul, who (I verily beleeeve,) for a reward of his contented and harmlesse life, had the honour and the happinesse to have it described and left for ever upon record to posterity, by that inimitable Prince and Patriarch of Poets;

Virg. lib. 4. Georgic.

Namque sub Oebaliæ memini me turribus altis
Corycium vidisse senem: cui pauca relict

*Cælo tegitur,
qui non habet
urnam.

†Jam ruet &
bustum, titu-
lusque in mar-
more sectus,

---tumulis au-
tem morienti-
bus, ipse
Occumbes eti-
am, sic mors
tibi tertia res-
tat.

**Non sanctum
dixit, sed pec-
catorem.

---O quantum
bonum est ob-
stare nulli,
carere securas
dapes!

Humi ejacentem
scelera non
intran casam

~ The Mount of Olives ~

Jugera ruris erant, nec fertilis illa juvencis,
Nec pecori opportuna seges, nec commoda Baccho.
Hic rarum tamen in dumis holus, albaque circum
Lilia, verbenasque premens, vescumque papaver,
Regum æquabat opes animo, seraque revertens
Nocte domum, dapibus mensas onerabat inemptis.
Primus vere rosam, atque Autumno carpere poma:
Et cum tristis hyems etiamnum frigore saxa
Rumperet, & glacie cursus frænaret aquarum,
Ille comam mollis jam tum tondebat Acanthi
Æstatem increpitans seram, Zephيروسque morantes.

Englished thus.

*I saw beneath Tarentum's stately towers
An old Cilician spend his peaceful houres:
Some few bad acres in a waste, wild field,
Which neither Grasse, nor Corne, nor Vines would yield,
He did possesse; There (amongst thorns and weeds)
Cheap Herbs and Coleworts, with the common Seeds
Of Chesboule or tame poppeys he did sowe,
And Verveine with white Lilies caus'd to grow.
Content he was, as are successful Kings,
And late at night come home (for long work brings
The night still home,) with unbought messes layd
On his low table, he his hunger stayd.
Roses he gather'd in the youthful Spring;
And Apples in the Autumn home did bring;
And when the sad, cold winter burst with frost
The stones, and the still streams in Ice were lost,
He would soft leaves of Beares-foot crop, and chide
The slow West-winds, and lingring Summer tyde!*

Saint *Hierome* in the life of *Antonius*, (who was nobly borne and as tenderly bred) tells us, that about the age of *eighteen* (his parents being then dead,) he gave

away all his possessions, & resolving upon a strict, religious life betook himself to the *wildernesse*; where having erected for himself a poore narrow *Cottage*, he digg'd hard by it, and found a *well*, with whose streams he watered a small piece of *ground*, which he did sowe and set with some ordinary *herbs* for his own provision. To this place thus furnished by his industrie, the *wild asses* would in great numbers very often resort, and not contented to borrow of his *water*, they would some times trespassed upon his *garden*, and make bold with his *sallads*. But he upon a time comming amongst them, commanded the *leader* of them, which he had observed to *guide* the *rest*, to stand still, and beating him upon the sides with his hand, reproved him in these words, *What is the reason that thou com'st to eat that which thou hast not sowen? Et exinde* (saith my Author) *acceptis aquis ad quas potandas ventitabant, nec arbusculam, nec holera unquam contigebant.* We see by these Examples how safe it is to rely upon our *Masters* promise, and how needlesse and superfluous in the Christian state this worldly abundance is. This our Saviour himself hath admonished us of, and upbraids out diffidence with the examples of the *birds* and the *lilies* of the *field*. Certainly it is dangerous meddling with the *world*; It is like the **Torpedo*, he that catcheth it, comes to lose his life by the bargain. *Love not the world* (saith St. *John*) *neither the things that are in the world, if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.* We should therefore be very cautious how we deal with it, or with the followers and favourites of it. *Condescend to men of low estate*, saith the *chosen vessel*; This is good counsel, but it lies so low that most men tread upon it, & very few are they that will stoop to take it up. There is

*A fish that (as soon as ever he is struck,) so benums the Angler, that he dies.
Arcanas hyemes
& cæca papavera
ponti Abdo
sinu, & celerem
frigida vincla
necem.

nothing can bring us sooner to it then the serious consideration of our own frailty. This is the *Catharma* that turns away the plague; and as *Physicians* say of *fasting*, that it cures almost all bodily diseases: So may I say of this, that it prevents (if timely applied) all the *depravations and diseases* of the mind.

It will bring down every *high thought* & set us upon even ground, where we shall be in no danger of soul or body. Our Saviour was buried in a Rock, and he that builds upon his grave, he that mortifies his affections, and hides his life in him, needs feare no *stormes*. What beauty is there in a *deaths-head* crownd with *roses*? If we carry the *one* about us, we shall be safe enough from the temptations of the *other*. Let sensual *natures* judge as they please, but for my part, I shall hold it no *Paradoxe* to affirme, *there are no pleasures in this world*. Some *coloured griefes* and *blushing woes* there are, which look so clear as if they were *true complexions*; but it is a very sad and a tryed truth that they are but *painted*. To draw then to an end, let us looke alwayes upon this *Day-Lilie* of life, as if the *Sun* were already *set*. Though we *blossome* and *open* many *mornings*, we shall not do so always, *Soles occidere & redire possunt*; but *man* cannot. *He hath his time appointed him upon earth, which he shall not passe, and his days are like the days of an hireling*. Let us then so husband our time, that when the *flower* falls, the *seed* may be preserved. We have had many blessed Patterns of a holy life in the *Brittish Church*, though now trodden under foot, and branded with the title of *Antichristian*. I shall propose but one to you, the most obedient *Son* that ever his *Mother* had, and yet a most glorious true *Saint* and a *Seer*. Heark how like a *bumble-Bee* he *hymns* it to the *flowers*, while in a

Qui jacet in
terra, non habet
unde cadat.

Omnem crede
diem tibi dilux-
isse supremum.

Mr. George Herbert
of blessed
memory; See his
incomparable
prophetick Poems
and particularly
these,
Church-musick,
Church-rents,
and *schisms*,
The Church
militant.

~ The Mount of Olives ~

handful of *blossomes* gather'd by himself, foresees his
own *dissolution*.

I made a Posie while the day ran by:
Here will I smell my remnant out, and tye
My life within this band.

But time did becken to the flowers, and they
By noon most cunningly did steal away,
And wither'd in my hand.

My hand was next to them, and then my heart:
I took, without more thinking, in good part
Times gentle admonition;

Who did so sweetly death's sad taste convey,
Making my mind to smell my fatal day;
Yet sugring the suspicion.

Farwel dear flowers! sweetly your time ye spent,
Fit, while ye liv'd, for smell or ornament,
And after death for cures.

I follow strait without complaint or grief,
Since if my sent be good, I care not if
It be as short as yours.

Petrar. de Con-
temp. mundi.
Immortalia ne
speres monet
annus, & al-
mum
Quæ rapit
hora diem.
Frigora mitesc-
unt Zephyris
ver proterit
æstas
Interitura
simul
Pomifer Autum-
nus fruges
effuderit, &
mox
Bruma recur-
rit iners.

As often therefore as thou seest the *full* and *ripe*
corne, to succeed the *tender* and *flowery Spring*, the
Autumne again to succeed the *Summer*, and the *cold*
and *snowie Winter* to succeed the *Autumne*, say with
thy self, *These seasons passe away, but will returne againe:*
but when I go, I shall returne no more.

When thou seest the *Sun* to set, and the melancholy

☞ *The Mount of Olives* ☞

shadowes to prevaile and increase, meditate with thy selfe, Thus when my life is done, will the shadowes of death be stretched over me; And yet this Sun which now leaves me, will be here againe to morrow: but when the Sun of my life sets, it shall not returne to me, until the heavens be no more.

When the *night* is drawn over thee, and the whole world lies slumbring under it, do not thou sleep it out; for as it is a *portion* of time much abused by wicked livers, so is it of all others the most powerful to excite thee to *devotion*; be stirring therefore, and make special use of that *deepest* and *smoothest current* of *time*, like that vigilant *Pilot* who alwayes mistrusted the *greatest calms*,

Sydera cuncta notat tacito labentia cœlo.

*And rising at midnight the Stars espi'd
All posting Westward in a silent glide.*

When thou also seest those *various, numberles, and beautiful luminaries* of the night to move on in their *watches*, and some of them to *vanish* and *set*, while all the rest do *follow after*, consider that *thou* art carried on with *them* in the *same motion*, and that there is no hope of subsisting for thee, but in *him who never moves, and never sets*.

Consider thy own *posterity* (if thou hast any) or those that are *younger then thyself*, and say, *These are travelling up the hill of life, but I am going head-long down*. Consider thy own *habitation*, how many have been there before thy *time*, whom that place must never know again, and that there is no help, but *thou* must follow. Consider the *works of thine own hands*, the *flowers, trees and arbours* of thine own planting, for all those must survive thee; Nay, who knows but thou mayst be gone, before thou canst enjoy those pleas-

❧ *The Mount of Olives* ❧

ures thou dost expect from them; for the *Poet* in that point proves oftentimes a *Prophet*,

*The trees, we set, grow slowly, and their shade
Stays for our sons, while (we the Planters) fade.*

Virg. Georg.

Tarda venit, serisque futura nepotibus umbra.

To be short, acquit thee *wisely* and *innocently* in all thy Actions, live a *Christian*, and die a *Saint*. Let not the *plurality* of *dayes*, with the numerous *distinctions* and *mincings* of thy *time* into *moneths*, *weeks*, *houres* and *minutes* deceive thee, nor be a means to make thee misspend the *smallest portion* of it; let not the *empty honours* and *pompous nothing* of this world keep thee back from the *grapes* of the *brook* of *Eshcol*. Remember that we must account for every *idle word*, much more for our *actions*. If thou hast lost any *dear friends*, have them alwayes before thine eyes, visit their *graves* often, and be not unkind to a *Jonathan* though in the *dust*. Give eare to *heaven*, and forget not what is spoken to thee from thence. *Behold, I come as a thief; blessed is he that watcheth and keepeth his garments, lest he walk naked, and they see his shame.* The time of life is short, and God (when he comes to see us) *comes without a bell*. Let us therefore gird up the *loynes* of our *minds*, and be *sober*, and *hope to the end*. Let us keep our selves in the love of God as *obedient children*, not *grieving his holy Spirit*, by which we are sealed unto the *day of redemption*. And let us not give place to the *devil*, nor be *weary of well-doing*; but let us be renewed daily in the *spirit* of our *mind* that when he comes (*who will not tarry*) we may be found *faithful*, and about our *masters businessse*.

Let us feare God, and forgive men, blesse those that persecute us, and lay up treasure for our selves

☞ *The Mount of Olives* ☞

in heaven, that where our treasure is, there our hearts may be also, and this (if God permits) will we do, and then

—*We can go die as sleep, and trust*

Half that we have

Unto an honest, faithful grave

Making our pillows either down or dust.

Now unto him, who shall change our vile bodies, that they may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able to subdue all things unto himselfe, even unto *Jesus Christ* the Prince of the Kings of the earth, and the first begotten of the dead, be glory and dominion for ever and ever. *Amen.*

A PRAYER WHEN THOU FINDEST THY SELF SICKLY, OR
WHEN THOU ART VISITED WITH ANY DISEASE

Most merciful, and wise God, who *bringest light out of darknesse*, and true *comforts* out of the greatest *afflictions*, I do in all humility and with all my soule resigne my selfe unto thy divine pleasure, and give thee most hearty and unfeined thanks for this thy present *visitation*, an infallible argument of thy fatherly love, and that tender care which thou hast of my salvation. Thou gavest me health, and I took no notice of thy *gift*, and but very little of the *Giver*: Thou gavest me dayes of gladnesse and I *numberd them not*. Wherefore with most true sorrow for my unthankfulnesse, and with all the *sad Resentments* of a most penitent heart I do acknowledge thy *justice*, adore thy *providence*, and beg thy *mercy*. O *righteous Father!* Though I have gone astray, do not thou cast me off: though *I am no more worthy to be called thy son*, yet have thou a minde to the

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work of thine own hands. Confirme my faith, sanctifie my affections, give me a lively and enduring hope, with an unwearied patience; And strengthen me in all my Agonies with the celestial assistance and inexpressible refreshments of thy overcoming spirit. Thou that didst give to thy blessed and faithful Martyrs such a glorious measure of thy Almighty spirit, as encouraged them for thy sake to be sawed asunder, to be burnt, stoned and beheaded, give unto me now such a gracious portion of the same Comforter as may leade me through death unto life. Or if thou wilt in mercy restore me again, and enlarge my time, give me, I beseech thee, a thankful heart, holy resolutions, and a stedfast spirit to performe them; And for Jesus Christ his sake never suffer me to forget thy tender and fatherly compassion, or to fall again into my old sins, and heap up for my self thy eternal anger and most just indignation.

For what end soever thou hast sent this present sicknesse, whether for my dissolution, or for a temporal correction of my sinful life, grant I beseech thee, that both may be for thy glory, and the salvation of my poore soule, purchased with the precious blood of thine only Sonne and my dear Redeemer, to whom with thee and the holy Ghost be ascribed by Angels and men, all wisdome, dominion and majesty for ever and ever, Amen!

A PRAYER IN THE HOUR OF DEATH

O my most blessed and glorious Creatour that hast fed me all my life long, and redeemed me from all evil, seeing it is thy merciful pleasure to take me out of this fraile body, and to wipe away all teares from mine eyes, and all sorrowes from my heart, I do with all

❧ *The Mount of Olives* ❧

humility and willingnesse consent and submit my self wholly unto thy sacred will. *I desire to be dissolved and to be with my Saviour.* I blesse and praise thy holy name for all thy great mercies conferred upon me, from the first day of my life unto this present hour. I give thee all possible thanks for this gracious & kind *visitation*, in which thou art mercifully pleased to order this *last act* of thy *poor creature* to thy *glory*, and the *fruition* of those *heavenly comforts* which have already *swallowed up* my whole *spirit*. O let *all* that come after me speak of thy *wondrous mercies*, and *generations* which are yet unborn give praise unto thy *name*.

Lord *Jesus Christ* my most loving Redeemer, into thy saving and *everlasting Armes* I commend my *spirit*, I am ready my *dear Lord*, and earnestly expect and long for thy good pleasure; *Come quickly*, and receive the soul of thy *servant* which trusteth in thee.

Blessing, and honour, and glory and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb and to the holy Ghost for ever and ever Amen.

Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good will towards men!

Blessed be God alone!

Thrice blessed three in one!

From SILEX SCINTILLANS 1655

The Authors

P R E F A C E

to the following

H Y M N S

That this Kingdom hath abounded with those ingenious persons, which in the late notion are termed *Wits*, is too well known. Many of them having cast away all their fair portion of time, in no better employments, then a deliberate search, or excogitation of *idle words*, and a most vain, insatiable desire to be reputed *Poets*; leaving behinde them no other Monuments of those excellent abilities conferred upon them, but such as they may (with a *Predecessor* of theirs) term *Parricides*, and a soul-killing Issue; for that is the *Βραβεῖον*, and Laureate *Crown*, which idle *Poems* will certainly bring to their unrelenting Authors.

And well it were for them, if those willingly-studied and wilfully-published vanities could defile no *spirits*, but their own; but the *case* is far worse. These *Vipers* survive their *Parents*, and for many ages after (like *Epidemic* diseases) infect whole Generations, corrupting always and unhallowing the best-gifted *Souls*, and the most capable *Vessels*: for whose sanctification and well-fare, the glorious *Son* of God laid down his *life*, and suffered the pretious *blood* of his blessed and innocent *heart* to be poured out. In the

mean time it cannot be denyed, but these men are had in remembrance, though we cannot say with any comfort, *Their memorial is blessed*; for, that I may speak no more then the truth (let their passionate worshippers say what they please) all the commendations that can be justly given them, will amount to no more, then what *Prudentius* the Christian-sacred *Poet* bestowed upon *Symmachus*;

*Os dignum æterno tinctum quod fulgeat auro
Si mallet laudare deum: cui sordida monstra
Prætulit, & liquidam temeravit crimine vocem;
Haud aliter, quam cum rastris qui tentat eburnis
Cænosum versare solum, &c.——*

In English thus,

A wit most worthy in tryed Gold to shine,
Immortal Gold! had he sung the divine
Praise of his Maker: to whom he preferr'd
Obscene, vile fancies, and prophanely marr'd
A rich, rare stile with sinful, lewd contents;
No otherwise, then if with Instruments
Of polish'd Ivory, some drudge should stir
A dirty sink, &c.——

This *comparison* is nothing odious, and it is as *true*, as it is *apposite*; for a *good* wit in a *bad* subject, is (as *Solomon* said of the *fair* and *foolish woman*) *Like a jewel of gold in a swines snowt*, Prov. 11.22. Nay, the more acute the *Author* is, there is so much the more danger and death in the *work*. Where the *Sun* is busie upon a *dung-hill*, the *issue* is always some unclean *vermine*. Divers persons of eminent piety and learning (I meddle not with the seditious and *Schismatical*) have, long before my time, taken notice of this *malady*; for

the complaint against *vitious verse*, even by peaceful and obedient *spirits*, is of some antiquity in this Kingdom. And yet, as if the evil consequence attending this inveterate *error*, were but a small thing, there is sprung very lately another prosperous *device* to assist it in the subversion of *souls*. Those that want the *Genius* of *verse*, fall to *translating*; and the people are (every *term*) plentifully furnished with various *Foreign vanities*; so that the most lascivious compositions of *France* and *Italy* are here *naturalized* and made *English*: And this (as it is sadly observed) with so much favor and success, that nothing *takes* (as they rightly phrase it) like a *Romance*. And very frequently (if that *Character* be not an *Ivy-bush*) the *buyer* receives this lewd ware from *persons of honor*: who want not reason to forbear, much private misfortune having sprung from no other *seed* at first, then some infectious and dissolving *Legend*.

To continue (after years of discretion) in this *vanity*, is an inexcusable desertion of *pious sobriety*: and to persist so to the end, is a wilful despising of Gods *sacred exhortations*, by a constant, sensual volutation or wallowing in *impure thoughts* and *scurrilous conceits*, which both defile their Authors, and as many more, as they are communicated to. If *every idle word shall be accounted for*, and if *no corrupt communication should proceed out of our mouths*, how desperate (I beseech you) is their condition, who all their life time, and out of meer design, study *lascivious fictions*: then carefully record and publish them, that instead of *grace* and *life*, they *may minister sin and death* unto their readers? It was wisely considered, and piously said by one, *That he would read no idle books; both in regard of love to his own soul, and pity unto his that made them,*

for (said he) if I be corrupted by them, their Composer is immediately a cause of my ill: and at the day of reckoning (though now dead) must give an account of it, because I am corrupted by his bad example, which he left behinde him: I will write none, lest I hurt them that come after me; I will read none, lest I augment his punishment that is gone before me. I will neither write, nor read, lest I prove a foe to my own soul: while I live, I sin too much; let me not continue longer in wickedness, then I do in life. It is a sentence of sacred authority, that he that is dead, is freed from sin; because he cannot in that state, which is without the body, sin any more; but he that writes idle books, makes for himself another body, in which he always lives, and sins (after death) as fast and as foul, as ever he did in his life; which very consideration, deserves to be a sufficient *Antidote* against this evil disease.

And here, because I would prevent a just *censure* by my free *confession*, I must remember, that I my self have for many years together, languished of this very *sickness*; and it is no long time since I have recovered. But (blessed be God for it!) I have by his saving assistance suppress my *greatest follies*, and those which escaped from me, are (I think) as innoxious, as most of that *vein* use to be; besides, they are interlined with many virtuous, and some pious mixtures. What I speak of them, is truth; but let no man mistake it for an *extenuation* of faults, as if I intended an *Apology* for them, or my self, who am conscious of so much *guilt* in both, as can never be expiated without *special sorrows*, and that cleansing and pretious *effusion* of my Almighty Redeemer: and if the world will be so charitable, as to grant my request, I do here most humbly and earnestly beg that none would read them.

But an idle or sensual *subject* is not all the *poison* in these Pamphlets. Certain Authors have been so irreverently bold, as to dash *Scriptures*, and the *sacred Relatives* of *God* with their impious conceits; And (which I cannot speak without grief of heart) some of those desperate *adventurers* may (I think) be reckoned amongst the principal or most learned Writers of *English Verse*.

Others of a later *date*, being corrupted (it may be) by that evil *Genius*, which came in with the publique distractions, have stuffed their books with *Oathes*, *horrid Execrations*, and a most gross and studied *filthiness*. But the *hurt* that ensues by the publication of *pieces* so notoriously ill, lies heavily upon the *Stationers* account, who ought in conscience to refuse them, when they are put into his hands. No *loss* is so doleful as that *gain*, that will endamage the soul; he that *prints* lewdness and impieties, is that mad man in the *Proverbs*, who *casteth firebrands, arrows and death*.

The suppression of this pleasing and prevailing *evil*, lies not altogether in the power of the *Magistrate*; for it will flie abroad in *Manuscripts*, when it fails of entertainment at the *press*. The true remedy lies wholly in their bosoms, who are the gifted persons, by a wise exchange of *vain* and *vitious subjects*, for *divine Themes* and *Celestial praise*. The *performance* is easie, and were it the most difficult in the world, the *reward* is so glorious, that it infinitely transcends it: for *they that turn many to righteousness, shall shine like the stars for ever and ever*: whence follows this undeniable inference, That the *corrupting of many*, being a contrary work, the *recompense* must be so too; and then I know nothing reserved for them, but *the blackness*

of darkness for ever; from which (O God!) deliver all penitent and reformed *Spirits*!

The first, that with any effectual success attempted a *diversion* of this foul and overflowing *stream*, was the blessed man, Mr. *George Herbert*, whose holy *life* and *verse* gained many pious *Converts*, (of whom I am the least) and gave the first check to a most flourishing and admired *wit* of his time. After him followed diverse,—*Sed non passibus æquis*; they had more of *fashion*, then *force*: And the *reason* of their so vast *distance* from him, besides differing *spirits* and *qualifications* (for his *measure* was eminent) I suspect to be, because they aimed more at *verse*, then *perfection*; as may be easily gathered by their frequent *impressions*, and numerous *pages*: Hence sprang those wide, those weak, and lean *conceptions*, which in the most inclinable *Reader* will scarce give any nourishment or help to *devotion*; for not flowing from a true, practick piety, it was impossible they should effect those things abroad, which they never had acquaintance with at home; being onely the productions of a common spirit, and the obvious ebullitions of that light humor, which takes the pen in hand, out of no other consideration, then to be seen in print. It is true indeed, that to give up our thoughts to pious *Themes* and *Contemplations* (if it be done for pieties sake) is a great *step* towards *perfection*; because it will *refine*, and *dispose* to devotion and sanctity. And further, it will *procure* for us (so easily communicable is that *loving spirit*) some small *prelibation* of those heavenly *refreshments*, which descend but seldom, and then very sparingly, upon *men* of an ordinary or indifferent *holyness*; but he that desires to excel in this kinde of *Hagiography*, or holy writing, must strive (by all

means) for *perfection* and true *holyness*, that a *door* may be opened to him in *heaven*, Rev. 4. 1 and then he will be able to write (with *Hierotheus* and holy *Herbert*) A *true Hymn*.

To effect this in some measure, I have begged leave to communicate this my poor *Talent* to the *Church*, under the *protection* and *conduct* of her *glorious Head*: who (if he will vouchsafe to *own* it, and *go along* with it) can make it as useful now in the *publick*, as it hath been to me in *private*. In the *perusal* of it, you will (*peradventure*) observe some *passages*, whose *history* or *reason* may seem something *remote*; but were they brought *nearer*, and plainly exposed to your view, (though that (perhaps) might quiet your *curiosity*) yet would it not conduce much to your greater *advantage*. And therefore I must desire you to accept of them in that *latitude*, which is already allowed them. By the last *Poems* in the book (were not that *mistake* here prevented) you will judge all to be *fatherless*, and the *Edition* posthume; for (indeed) *I was nigh unto death*, and am still at no great distance from it; which was the necessary reason for that solemn and accomplished *dress*, you will now finde this *impression* in.

But the *God of the spirits of all flesh*, hath granted me a further use of *mine*, then I did look for in the *body*; and when I expected, and had (by his assistance) prepared for a *message of death*, then did he *answer* me with *life*; I hope to his *glory*, and my great *advantage*: that I may flourish not with *leafe* onely, but with some *fruit* also; which *hope* and earnest *desire* of his poor *Creature*, I humbly beseech him to perfect and fulfil for his dear *Sons* sake, unto *whom*, with *him* and the most holy and loving *Spirit*, be ascribed by

☞ *Silex Scintillans* ☞

Angels, by *Men*, and by all his *Works*, All *Glory*, and
Wisdom, and Dominion, in this the *temporal*
and in the *Eternal* Being.

Amen.

Newton by *Usk*, near *Sketh-rock*,
Septem. 30. 1654.

A W A R D, and still in bonds, one day
I stole abroad,
It was high-spring, and all the way
 Primros'd, and hung with shade;
Yet, was it frost within,
 And surly winds
Blasted my infant buds, and sinne
 Like Clouds ecclips'd my mind.

Storm'd thus, I straight perceiv'd my spring
 Meere stage, and show,
My walke a monstrous, mountain'd thing
 Rough-cast with Rocks, and snow;
And as a Pilgrims Eye
 Far from reliefe,
Measures the melancholy skye
 Then drops, and rains for grieve,

So sigh'd I upwards still, at last
 'Twixt steps, and falls
I reach'd the pinnacle, where plac'd
 I found a paire of scales,
I tooke them up and layd
 In th'one late paines,
The other smoake, and pleasures weigh'd
 But prov'd the heavier graines;

With that, some cryed, *Away*; straight I
 Obey'd, and led
Full East, a faire, fresh field could spy
 Some call'd it, *Jacobs Bed*;

❧ *Silex Scintillans* ❧

A Virgin-soile, which no
Rude feet ere trod,
Where (since he stept there,) only go
Prophets, and friends of God.

Here I repos'd; but scarce well set,
A grove descryed
Of stately height, whose branches met
And mixt on every side;
I entred, and once in
(Amaz'd to see't,)
Found all was chang'd, and a new spring
Did all my senses greet;

The unthrift Sunne shot vitall gold
A thousand peeces,
And heaven its azure did unfold
Checqu'd with snowie fleeces,
The aire was all in spice
And every bush
A garland wore; Thus fed my Eyes
But all the Eare lay hush.

Only a little Fountain lent
Some use for Eares,
And on the dumbe shades language spent
The Musick of her teares;
I drew her neere, and found
The Cisterne full
Of divers stones, some bright, and round
Others ill-shap'd, and dull.

❧ *Silex Scintillans* ❧

The first (pray marke,) as quick as light
Danc'd through the floud,
But, th'last more heavy then the night
Nail'd to the Center stood;
I wonder'd much, but tyr'd
At last with thought,
My restless Eye that still desir'd
As strange an object brought;

It was a banke of flowers, where I descried
(Though 'twas mid-day,)
Some fast asleepe, others broad-eyed
And taking in the Ray;
Here musing long, I heard
A rushing wind
Which still increas'd, but whence it stirr'd
No where I could not find;

I turn'd me round, and to each shade
Dispatch'd an Eye,
To see, if any leafe had made
Least motion, or Reply,
But while I listning sought
My mind to ease
By knowing, where 'twas, or where not,
It whisper'd; *Where I please.*

Lord, then said I, *On me one breath,
And let me dye before my death!*

Cant. Cap. 5. ver. 17.

*Arise O North, and come thou South-wind, and blow
upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out.*

RESURRECTION AND IMMORTALITY

Heb. cap. 10. ve: 20.

*By that new, and living way, which he hath prepared for
us, through the veile, which is his flesh.*

Body.

O FT have I seen, when that renewing breath
That binds, and loosens death
Inspir'd a quickning power through the dead
Creatures a bed,
Some drowsie silk-worme creepe
From that long sleepe
And in weake, infant hummings chime, and knell
About her silent Cell
Untill at last full with the vitall Ray
She wing'd away,
And proud with life, and sence,
Heav'ns rich Expence,
Esteem'd (vaine things!) of two whole Elements
As meane, and span-extents.
Shall I then thinke such providence will be
Lesse friend to me?
Or that he can endure to be unjust
Who keeps his Covenant even with our dust.

Soule.

Poore, querulous handfull! was't for this
I taught thee all that is?
Unbowel'd nature, shew'd thee her recruits,
And Change of suits
And how of death we make
A meere mistake,
For no thing can to *Nothing* fall, but still

❧ *Silex Scintillans* ❧

Incorporates by skill,
And then returns, and from the wombe of things
Such treasure brings
As *Phenix*-like renew'th
Both life, and youth;
For a preserving spirit doth still passe
Untainted through this Masse,
Which doth resolve, produce, and ripen all
That to it fall;
Nor are those births which we
Thus suffering see
Destroy'd at all; But when times restles wave
Their substance doth deprave
And the more noble *Essence* finds his house
Sickly, and loose,
He, ever young, doth wing
Unto that spring,
And *source* of spirits, where he takes his lot
Till time no more shall rot
His passive Cottage; which (though laid aside,)
Like some spruce Bride,
Shall one day rise, and cloath'd with shining light
All pure, and bright
Re-marry to the soule, for 'tis most plaine
Thou only fal'st to be refin'd againe.

Then I that here saw darkly in a glasse
But mists, and shadows passe,
And, by their owne weake *Shine*, did search the springs
And Course of things
Shall with Inlightned Rayes
Peirce all their wayes;
And as thou saw'st, I in a thought could goe
To heav'n, or Earth below

~ *Silex Scintillans* ~

To reade some *Starre*, or *Min'rall*, and in State
There often sate,
So shalt thou then with me
(Both wing'd, and free,) ·
Rove in that mighty, and eternall light
Where no rude shade, or night
Shall dare approach us; we shall there no more
Watch stars, or pore
Through melancholly clouds, and say
Would it were Day!
One everlasting *Saboth* there shall runne
Without *Succession*, and without a *Sunne*.

Dan: Cap: 12. ver. 13.

*But goe thou thy way untill the end be, for thou shalt
rest, and stand up in thy lot, at the end of the dayes.*

RELIGION

MY GOD, when I walke in those groves,
And leaves thy spirit doth still fan,
I see in each shade that there growes
An Angell talking with a man.
Under a *Juniper* some house,
Or the coole *Mirtles* canopie,
Others beneath an *Oakes* greene boughs,
Or at some *fountaines* bubling Eye;
Here *Jacob* dreames, and wrestles; there
Elias by a Raven is fed,
Another time by th' Angell, where
He brings him water with his bread;
In *Abr'hams* Tent the winged guests
(O how familiar then was heaven!)
Eate, drinke, discourse, sit downe, and rest
Untill the Coole, and shady *Even*;

❧ *Silex Scintillans* ❧

Nay thou thy selfe, my God, in *fire*,
Whirle-winds, and *Clouds*, and the *soft voice*
Speak'st there so much, that I admire
We have no Conf^rence in these daies;
Is the truce broke? or 'cause we have
A mediatour now with thee,
Doe'st thou therefore old *Treaties* wave
And by appeales from him decree?
Or is't so, as some green heads say
That now all miracles must cease?
Though thou hast promis'd they should stay
The tokens of the Church, and peace;
No, no; Religion is a Spring
That from some secret, golden Mine
Derives her birth, and thence doth bring
Cordials in every drop, and Wine;
But in her long, and hidden Course
Passing through the Earths darke veines,
Growes still from better unto worse,
And both her taste, and colour staines,
Then drilling on, learnes to encrease
False *Ecchoes*, and Confused sounds,
And unawares doth often seize
On veines of *Sulphur* under ground;
So poison'd, breaks forth in some Clime,
And at first sight doth many please,
But drunk, is puddle, or meere slime
And 'stead of Phisick, a disease;
Just such a tainted sink we have
Like that *Samaritans* dead *Well*,
Nor must we for the Kernell crave
Because most voices like the *shell*.

Heale then these waters, Lord; or bring thy flock,
Since these are troubled, to the springing rock,
Looke downe great Master of the feast; O shine,
And turn once more our *Water* into *Wine*!

Cant. cap. 4. ver. 12.

*My sister, my spouse is as a garden Inclosed, as a
Spring shut up, and a fountain sealed up.*

THE BRITISH CHURCH

AH! HE is fled!
And while these here their *mists*, and *shadows* hatch,
My glorious head
Doth on those hills of *Mirrhe*, and *Incense* watch.
Haste, haste my dear,
The Souldiers here
Cast in their lots again,
That seamlesse coat
The Jews touch'd not,
These dare divide, and stain.

O get thee wings!
Or if as yet (until these clouds depart,
And the day springs,)
Thou think'st it good to tarry where thou art,
Write in thy bookes
My ravish'd looks
Slain flock, and pillag'd fleeces,
And haste thee so
As a young Roe
Upon the mounts of spices.

*O Rosa Campi! O lilium Convallium! quomodo nunc
facta es pabulum Aprorum!*

THIS dead night round about: Horroure doth creepe
And move on with the shades; stars nod, and sleepe,
And through the dark aire spin a fire thread
Such as doth gild the lazie glow-worms bed.

Yet, burn'st thou here, a full day; while I spend
My rest in Cares, and to the dark world lend
These flames, as thou dost thine to me; I watch
That houre, which must thy life, and mine dispatch;
But still thou doest out-goe me, I can see
Met in thy flames, all acts of piety;
Thy light, is *Charity*; Thy heat, is *Zeale*;
And thy aspiring, active fires reveale
Devotion still on wing; Then, thou dost weepe
Still as thou burn'st, and the warme droppings creepe
To measure out thy length, as if thou'dst know
What stock, and how much time were left thee now;
Nor dost thou spend one teare in vain, for still
As thou dissolv'st to them, and they distill,
They're stor'd up in the socket, where they lye,
When all is spent, thy last, and sure supply:
And such is true repentance, ev'ry breath
Wee spend in sighes, is treasure after death;
Only, one point escapes thee; That thy Oile
Is still out with thy flame, and so both faile;
But whensoever I'm out, both shalbe in,
And where thou mad'st an end, there I'll begin.

Mark Cap. 13. ver. 35.

*Watch you therefore, for you know not when the master
of the house commeth, at Even, or at mid-night, or at the
Cock-crowing, or in the morning.*

THE SHOWRE

'T WAS so, I saw thy birth: That drowsie Lake
From her faint bosome breath'd thee, the disease
Of her sick waters, and Infectious Ease.

But, now at Even
Too grosse for heaven,
Thou fall'st in teares, and weep'st for thy mistake.

Ah! it is so with me; oft have I prest
Heaven with a lazie breath, but fruitles this
Pierc'd not; Love only can with quick accesse
Unlock the way,
When all else stray
The smoke and Exhalations of the brest.

Yet, if as thou doest melt, and with thy traine
Of drops make soft the Earth, my eyes could weep
O're my hard heart, that's bound up, and asleep,
Perhaps at last
(Some such showres past,)
My God would give a Sun-shine after raine.

DISTRACTION

○ K N I T me, that am crumbled dust! the heape
Is all dispers'd, and cheape;
Give for a handfull, but a thought
And it is bought;
Hadst thou
Made me a starre, a pearle, or a rain-bow,
The beames I then had shot
My light had lessend not,
But now
I find my selfe the lesse, the more I grow;
The world
Is full of voices; Man is call'd, and hurl'd
By each, he answers all,
Knows ev'ry note, and call,
Hence, still
Fresh dotage tempts, or old usurps his will.
Yet, hadst thou clipt my wings, when Coffin'd in
This quicken'd masse of sinne,
And saved that light, which freely thou
Didst then bestow,
I feare
I should have spurn'd, and said thou didst forbear;
Or that thy store was lesse,
But now since thou didst blesse
So much,
I grieve, my God! that thou hast made me such.
I grieve?
O, yes! thou know'st I doe; Come, and releive
And tame, and keepe downe with thy light
Dust that would rise, and dimme my sight,
Lest left alone too long
Amidst the noise, and throng,
Oppressed I
Striving to save the whole, by parcells dye.

THE PURSUITE

L O R D ! what a busie, restles thing
Hast thou made man?
Each day, and houre he is on wing,
Rests not a span;
Then having lost the Sunne, and light
By clouds surpriz'd
He keepes a Commerce in the night
With aire disguis'd;
Hadst thou given to this active dust
A state untir'd,
The lost Sonne had not left the huske
Nor home desir'd;
That was thy secret, and it is
Thy mercy too,
For when all failes to bring to blisse,
Then, this must doe.
Ah! Lord! and what a Purchase will that be
To take us sick, that sound would not take thee?

THE INCARNATION, AND PASSION

LORD ! when thou didst thy selfe undresse
Laying by thy robes of glory,
To make us more, thou wouldst be lesse,
And becam'st a wofull story.

To put on Clouds instead of light,
And cloath the morning-starre with dust,
Was a translation of such height
As, but in thee, was ne'r exprest;

Brave wormes, and Earth! that thus could have
A God Enclos'd within your Cell,
Your maker pent up in a grave,
Life lockt in death, heav'n in a shell;

Ah, my dear Lord! what couldst thou spye
In this impure, rebellious clay,
That made thee thus resolve to dye
For those that kill thee every day?

O what strange wonders could thee move
To slight thy precious bloud, and breath!
Sure it was *Love*, my Lord; for *Love*
Is only stronger far than death.

VANITY OF SPIRIT

Q UITE spent with thoughts I left my Cell, and lay
Where a shrill spring tun'd to the early day.
I beg'd here long, and gron'd to know
Who gave the Clouds so brave a bow,
Who bent the spheres, and circled in
Corruption with this glorious Ring,
What is his name, and how I might
Descry some part of his great light.
I summon'd nature: peirc'd through all her store,
Broke up some seales, which none had touch'd before,
Her wombe, her bosome, and her head
Where all her secrets lay a bed
I rifled quite, and having past
Through all the Creatures, came at last
To search my selfe, where I did find
Traces, and sounds of a strange kind.
Here of this mighty spring, I found some drills,
With Ecchoes beaten from th' eternall hills;
Weake beames, and fires flash'd to my sight,
Like a young East, or Moone-shine night,
Which shew'd me in a nook cast by
A peece of much antiquity,
With Hyeroglyphicks quite dismembred,
And broken letter scarce remembred.
I tooke them up, and (much Joy'd,) went about
T' unite those peeces, hoping to find out
The mystery; but this neer done,
That little light I had was gone:
It griev'd me much. At last, said I,
Since in these veyls my Ecclips'd Eye
May not approach thee, (for at night
Who can have commerce with the light?)
I'le disappearell, and to buy
But one half glaunce, most gladly dye.

THE RETREAT

HAPPY those early dayes! when I
Shin'd in my Angell-infancy;
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy ought
But a white, Celestiall thought,
When yet I had not walkt above
A mile, or two, from my first love,
And looking back (at that short space,)
Could see a glimpse of his bright-face;
When on some *gilded Cloud*, or *flowre*
My gazing soul would dwell an houre,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My Conscience with a sinfull sound,
Or had the black art to dispence
A sev'rall sinne to ev'ry sence,
But felt through all this fleshly dresse
Bright *shootes* of everlastingnesse.

O how I long to travell back
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might once more reach that plaine,
Where first I left my glorious traine,
From whence th' Inlightned spirit sees
That shady City of Palme trees;
But (ah!) my soul with too much stay
Is drunk, and staggers in the way.
Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move,
And when this dust falls to the urn
In that state I came return.

CONTENT

PEACE, peace! I know 'twas brave,
But this corse fleece
I shelter in, is slave
To no such peece.
When I am gone,
I shall no ward-robes leave
To friend, or sonne
But what their own homes weave,

Such, though not proud, nor full,
May make them weep,
And mourn to see the wooll
Outlast the sheep;
Poore, Pious weare!
Hadst thou bin rich, or fine
Perhaps that teare
Had mourn'd thy losse, not mine.

Why then these curl'd, puff'd points,
Or a laced story?
Death sets all out of Joint
And scornes their glory;
Some Love a *Rose*
In hand, some in the skin;
But crosse to those,
I would have mine *within*.

SILENCE, and stealth of dayes! 'tis now
Since thou art gone,
Twelve hundred houres, and not a brow
But Clouds hang on.
As he that in some Caves thick damp
Lockt from the light,
Fixeth a solitary lamp,
To brave the night
And walking from his Sun, when past
That glim'ring Ray
Cuts through the heavy mists in haste
Back to his day,
So o'r fled minutes I retreat
Unto that hour
Which shew'd thee last, but did defeat
Thy light, and pow'r,
I search, and rack my soul to see
Those beams again,
But nothing but the snuff to me
Appeareth plain;
That, dark and dead, sleeps in its known
And common urn,
But those, fled to their Makers throne,
There shine, and burn;
O could I track them! but souls must
Track one the other,
And now the spirit, not the dust
Must be thy brother.
Yet I have one *Pearle* by whose light
All things I see,
And in the heart of Earth, and night
Find Heaven, and thee.

B U R I A L L

○ T H O U ! the first fruits of the dead
And their dark bed,
When I am cast into that deep
And senseless sleep
The wages of my sinne,
O then,
Thou great Preserver of all men!
Watch o're that loose
And empty house,
Which I sometimes liv'd in.

It is (in truth!) a ruin'd peece
Not worth thy Eyes,
And scarce a room but wind, and rain
Beat through, and stain
The seats, and Cells within;
Yet thou
Led by thy Love wouldst stoop thus low,
And in this Cott
All filth, and spott,
Didst with thy servant Inne.

And nothing can, I hourelly see,
Drive thee from me,
Thou art the same, faithfull, and just
In life, or Dust;
Though then (thus crumm'd) I stray
In blasts,
Or Exhalations, and wasts
Beyond all Eyes
Yet thy love spies
That Change, and knows thy Clay.

∞ *Silex Scintillans* ∞

The world's thy boxe: how then (there tost,)
Can I be lost?
But the delay is all; Tyme now
Is old, and slow,
His wings are dull, and sickly;
Yet he
Thy servant is, and waits on thee,
Cutt then the summe,
Lord haste, Lord come,
O come Lord *Jesus* quickly!

Rom. Cap. 8. ver. 23.

And not only they, but our selves also, which have the first fruits of the spirit, even wee our selves grone within our selves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body.

P E A C E

M Y SOUL, there is a Countrie
Far beyond the stars,
Where stands a winged Centrie
All skilfull in the wars,
There above noise, and danger
Sweet peace sits crown'd with smiles,
And one born in a Manger
Commands the Beauteous files,
He is thy gracious friend,
And (O my Soul awake!)
Did in pure love descend
To die here for thy sake;
If thou canst get but thither,
There growes the flowre of peace,
The Rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortresse, and thy ease;
Leave then thy foolish ranges;
For none can thee secure,
But one, who never changes,
Thy God, thy life, thy Cure.

THE RELAPSE

MY GOD, how gracious art thou! I had slipt
Almost to hell,
And on the verge of that dark, dreadful pit
Did hear them yell,
But O thy love! thy rich, almighty love
That sav'd my soul,
And checkt their furie, when I saw them move,
And heard them howl;
O my sole Comfort, take no more these wayes,
This hideous path,
And I wil mend my own without delayes,
Cease thou thy wrath!
I have deserv'd a thick, Egyptian damp,
Dark as my deeds,
Should *mist* within me, and put out that lamp
Thy spirit feeds;
A darting Conscience full of stabs, and fears;
No shade but *Yewgh*,
Sullen, and sad Ecclipses, Cloudie spheres,
These are my due.
But he that with his bloud, (a price too deere,)
My scores did pay,
Bid me, by vertue from him, chalenge here
The brightest day;
Sweet, downie thoughts; soft *Lilly*-shades; Calm
Joyes full, and true; [streams;
Fresh, spicie mornings; and eternal beams
These are his due.

THE RESOLVE

I H A V E consider'd it; and find
A longer stay
Is but excus'd neglect. To mind
One path, and stray
Into another, or to none,
Cannot be love;
When shal that traveller come home,
That will not move?
If thou wouldst thither, linger not,
Catch at the place,
Tell youth, and beauty they must rot,
They'r but a *Case*;
Loose, parcell'd hearts wil freeze: The Sun
With scatter'd locks
Scarce warms, but by contraction
Can heat rocks;
Call in thy *Powers*; run, and reach
Home with the light,
Be there, before the shadows stretch,
And *Span* up night;
Follow the *Cry* no more: there is
An ancient way
All strewed with flowres, and happiness
And fresh as *May*;
There turn, and turn no more; Let wits,
Smile at fair eies,
Or lips; But who there weeping sits,
Hath got the *Prize*.

CORRUPTION

SURE, It was so. Man in those early days
 Was not all stone, and Earth,
 He shin'd a little, and by those weak Rays
 Had some glimpse of his birth.
 He saw Heaven o'r his head, and knew from whence
 He came (condemned,) hither,
 And, as first Love draws strongest, so from hence
 His mind sure progress'd thither.
 Things here were strange unto him: Swet, and till
 All was a thorn, or weed,
 Nor did those last, but (like himself,) dyed still
 As soon as they did *Seed*,
 They seem'd to quarrel with him; for that Act
 That fel him, foyl'd them all,
 He drew the Curse upon the world, and Crackt
 The whole frame with his fall.
 This made him long for *home*, as loath to stay
 With murmurers, and foes;
 He sigh'd for *Eden*, and would often say
Ah! what bright days were those?
 Nor was Heav'n cold unto him; for each day
 The vally, or the Mountain
 Afforded visits, and still *Paradise* lay
 In some green shade, or fountain.
 Angels lay *Leiger* here; Each Bush, and Cel,
 Each Oke, and high-way knew them,
 Walk but the fields, or sit down at some *wel*,
 And he was sure to view them.
 Almighty *Love!* where art thou now? mad man
 Sits down, and freezeth on,
 He raves, and swears to stir nor fire, nor fan,
 But bids the thread be spun.

I see, thy Curtains are Close-drawn; Thy bow
Looks dim too in the Cloud,
Sin triumphs still, and man is sunk below
The Center, and his shroud;
All's in deep sleep, and night; Thick darknes lyes
And hatcheth o'r thy people;
But hark! what trumpets that? what Angel cries
Arise! Thrust in thy sickle.

H. S C R I P T U R E S

WELCOME dear book, souls Joy, and food!
The feast
Of Spirits, Heav'n extracted lyes in thee;
Thou art lifes Charter, The Doves spotless neast
Where souls are hatch'd unto Eternitie.

In thee the hidden stone, the *Manna* lies,
Thou art the great *Elixir*, rare, and Choice;
The Key that opens to all Mysteries,
The *Word* in Characters, God in the *Voice*.

O that I had deep Cut in my hard heart
Each line in thee! Then would I plead in groans
Of my Lords penning, and by sweetest Art
Return upon himself the *Law*, and *Stones*.
Read here, my faults are thine. This Book, and I
Will tell thee so; *Sweet Saviour thou didst dye!*

THE CHECK

PEACE, peace! I blush to hear thee; when thou
A dusty story [art
A speechlesse heap, and in the midst my heart
In the same livery drest
Lyes tame as all the rest;
When six years thence digg'd up, some youthfull Eie
Seeks there for Symmetry
But finding none, shal leave thee to the wind,
Or the next foot to Crush,
Scatt'ring thy kind
And humble dust, tell then dear flesh
Where is thy glory?

As he that in the midst of day Expects
The hideous night,
Sleeps not, but shaking off sloth, and neglects,
Works with the Sun, and sets
Paying the day its debts;
That (for Repose, and darknes bound,) he might
Rest from the fears i'th' night;
So should we too. All things teach us to die
And point us out the way
While we passe by
And mind it not; play not away
Thy glimpse of light.

View thy fore-runners: Creatures giv'n to be
Thy youths Companions,
Take their leave, and die; Birds, beasts, each tree
All that have growth, or breath
Have one large language, *Death*.

❧ *Silex Scintillans* ❧

O then play not! but strive to him, who Can
 Make these sad shades pure Sun,
Turning their mists to beams, their damps to day,
 Whose pow'r doth so excell
 As to make Clay
A spirit, and true glory dwell
 In dust, and stones.

Heark, how he doth Invite thee! with what voice
 Of Love, and sorrow
He begs, and Calls; *O that in these thy days*
 Thou knew'st but thy own good!
 Shall not the Cry of bloud,
Of Gods own bloud awake thee? He bids beware
 Of drunknes, surfeits, Care,
But thou sleep'st on; wher's now thy protestation,
 Thy Lines, thy Love? Away,
 Redeem the day,
The day that gives no observation,
 Perhaps to morrow.

IDLE VERSE

Go, go, quaint folies, sugred sin,
Shadow no more my door;
I will no longer Cobwebs spin,
I'm too much on the score.

For since amidst my youth, and night,
My great preserver smiles,
Wee'l make a Match, my only light,
And Joyn against their wiles;

Blind, desp'rate *fits*, that study how
To dresse, and trim our shame,
That gild rank poyson, and allow
Vice in a fairer name;

The *Purles* of youthfull bloud, and bowles,
Lust in the Robes of Love,
The idle talk of feav'rish souls
Sick with a scarf, or glove;

Let it suffice my warmer days
Simper'd, and shin'd on you,
Twist not my Cypresse with your Bays,
Or Roses with my Yewgh;

Go, go, seek out some greener thing,
It snows, and freezeth here;
Let Nightingales attend the spring,
Winter is all my year.

SON-DAYES

BRIGHT shadows of true Rest! some shoots of
Heaven once a week; [blisse,
The next worlds gladnes prepossest in this;
A day to seek
Eternity in time; the steps by which
We Climb above all ages; Lamps that light
Man through his heap of dark days; and the rich,
And full redemption of the whole weeks flight.

The Pulleys unto headlong man; times bower;
The narrow way;
Transplanted Paradise; Gods walking houre;
The Cool o'th' day;
The Creatures *Jubile*; Gods parle with dust;
Heaven here; Man on those hills of Myrrh, and
Angles descending; the Returns of Trust; [flowres;
A gleam of glory, after six-days-showres.

The Churches love-feasts; Times Prerogative,
And Interest
Deducted from the whole; The Combs, and hive,
And home of rest.
The milky way Chalkt out with Suns; a Clue
That guides through erring hours; and in full story
A taste of Heav'n on earth; the pledge, and Cue
Of a full feast; And the Out Courts of glory.

THE BURIAL

of an Infant.

BLEST Infant Bud, whose Blossome-life
Did only look about, and fal,
Wearyed out in a harmles strife
Of tears, and milk, the food of all;

Sweetly didst thou expire: Thy soul
Flew home unstain'd by his new kin,
For ere thou knew'st how to be foul,
Death *wean'd* thee from the world, and sin.

Softly rest all thy Virgin-Crums!
Lapt in the sweets of thy young breath,
Expecting till thy Saviour Comes
To *dresse* them, and *unswadle* death.

FAITH

BRIGHT, and blest beame! whose strong
Equall to all, [projection
Reacheth as well things of dejection
As th' high, and tall;
How hath my God by raying thee
Inlarg'd his spouse,
And of a private familie
Made open house?
All may be now Co-heirs; no noise
Of *Bond*, or *Free*
Can Interdict us from those Joys

That wait on thee;
The Law, and Ceremonies made
A glorious night,
Where Stars, and Clouds, both light, and shade
Had equal right;
But, as in nature, when the day
Breaks, night adjourns,
Stars shut up shop, mists pack away,
And the Moon mourns;
So when the Sun of righteousness
Did once appear,
That Scene was chang'd, and a new dresse
Left for us here;
Veiles became useles, Altars fel,
Fires smoking die;
And all that sacred pomp, and shel
Of things did flie;
Then did he shine forth, whose sad fall,
And bitter fights
Were figur'd in those mystical,
And Cloudie Rites;
And as i'th' natural Sun, these three,
Light, motion, heat,
So are now *Faith, Hope, Charity*
Through him Compleat;
Faith spans up blisse; what sin, and death
Puts us quite from,
Lest we should run for't out of breath,
Faith brings us home;
So that I need no more, but say
I do believe,
And my most loving Lord straitway
Doth answer, *Live.*

THE DAWNING

AH! what time wilt thou come? when shall that
The *Bridegroome's Comming!* fil the sky? [crie
Shall it in the Evening run
When our words and works are done?

Or wil thy all-surprizing light
Break at midnight?
When either sleep, or some dark pleasure
Possesseth mad man without measure;
Or shal these early, fragrant hours

Unlock thy bowres?
And with their blush of light descry
Thy locks crown'd with eternitie.
Indeed, it is the only time
That with thy glory doth best chime,
All now are stirring, ev'ry field
Ful hymns doth yield,
The whole Creation shakes off night,
And for thy shadows looks the light,
Stars now vanish without number,
Sleepie Planets set, and slumber,
The pursie Clouds disband, and scatter,
All expect some sudden matter,
Not one beam triumphs, but from far
That morning-star;

O at what time soever thou
(Unknown to us,) the heavens wilt bow,
And, with thy Angels in the *Van*,
Descend to Judge poor careless man,
Grant, I may not like puddle lie
In a Corrupt securitie,
Where, if a traveller water crave,

He finds it dead, and in a grave;
But as this restless, vocall *Spring*
All day, and night doth run, and sing,
And though here born, yet is acquainted
Elsewhere, and flowing keeps untainted;
So let me all my busie age
In thy free services ingage,
And though (while here) of force I must
Have Commerce sometimes with poor dust,
And in my flesh, though vile, and low,
As this doth in her Channel, flow,
Yet let my Course, my aym, my Love,
And chief acquaintance be above;
So when that day, and hour shal come
In which thy self wil be the Sun,
Thou'lt find me drest and on my way,
Watching the Break of thy great day.

E A S T E R - D A Y

T HOU, whose sad heart, and weeping head lyes low,
Whose Cloudy brest cold damp's invade,
Who never feel'st the Sun, nor smooth'st thy brow,
But sitt'st oppressed in the shade,
Awake, awake,
And in his Resurrection partake,
Who on this day (that thou might'st rise as he,)
Rose up, and cancell'd two deaths due to thee.

Awake, awake; and, like the Sun, disperse
All mists that would usurp this day;
Where are thy Palmes, thy branches, and thy verse?
Hosanna! heark; why doest thou stay?
Arise, arise,
And with his healing bloud anoint thine Eys,
Thy inward Eys; his bloud will cure thy mind,
Whose spittle only could restore the blind.

E A S T E R H Y M N

D E A T H , and darkness get you packing,
Nothing now to man is lacking, .
All your triumphs now are ended,
And what *Adam* marr'd, is mended;
Graves are beds now for the weary,
Death a nap, to wake more merry;
Youth now, full of pious duty,
Seeks in thee for perfect beauty,
The weak and aged, tir'd with length
Of daies, from thee look for new strength,
And Infants with thy pangs Contest
As pleasant, as if with the brest;
Then, unto him, who thus hath thrown
Even to Contempt thy kingdome down,
And by his blood did us advance
Unto his own Inheritance,
To him be glory, power, praise,
From this, unto the last of daies.

LOVE, AND DISCIPLINE

SINCE in a land not barren stil
(Because thou dost thy grace distil,)
My lott is faln, Blest be thy will!

And since these biting frosts but kil
Some tares in me which choke, or spil
That seed thou sow'st, Blest be thy skill!

Blest be thy Dew, and blest thy frost,
And happy I to be so crost,
And cur'd by Crosses at thy cost.

The Dew doth Cheer what is distrest,
The frosts ill weeds nip, and molest,
In both thou work'st unto the best.

Thus while thy sev'ral mercies plot,
And work on me now cold, now hot,
The work goes on, and slacketh not,

For as thy hand the weather steers,
So thrive I best, 'twixt joyes, and tears,
And all the year have some grean Ears.

THE PILGRIMAGE

As TRAVELLOURS when the twilight's come,
And in the sky the stars appear,
The past daies accidents do summe
With, *Thus wee saw there, and thus here.*

Then *Jacob*-like lodge in a place
(A place, and no more, is set down,)
Where till the day restore the race
They rest and dream homes of their own.

So for this night I linger here,
And full of tossings too and fro,
Expect stil when thou wilt appear
That I may get me up, and go.

I long, and grone, and grieve for thee,
For thee my words, my tears do gush,
O that I were but where I see!
Is all the note within my Bush.

As Birds rob'd of their native wood,
Although their Diet may be fine,
Yet neither sing, nor like their food,
But with the thought of home do pine;

So do I mourn, and hang my head,
And though thou dost me fullnes give,
Yet look I for far better bread
Because by this man cannot live.

O feed me then! and since I may
Have yet more days, more nights to Count,
So strengthen me, Lord, all the way,
That I may travel to thy Mount.

Heb. Cap. xi. ver. 13.

*And they Confessed, that they were strangers, and Pilgrims
on the earth.*

THE WORLD

I SAW Eternity the other night
Like a great *Ring* of pure and endless light,
 All calm, as it was bright,
And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years
 Driv'n by the spheres
Like a vast shadow mov'd, In which the world
 And all her train were hurl'd;
The doting Lover in his quaintest strain
 Did their Complain,
Neer him, his Lute, his fancy, and his flights,
 Wits sour delights,
With gloves, and knots the silly snares of pleasure
 Yet his dear Treasure
All scatter'd lay, while he his eys did pour
 Upon a flowr.

The darksome States-man hung with weights and
Like a thick midnight-fog mov'd there so slow [woe
 He did not stay, nor go;
Condemning thoughts (like sad Ecclipses) scowl
 Upon his soul,
And Clouds of crying witnesses without
 Pursued him with one shout.
Yet dig'd the Mole, and lest his ways be found
 Workt under ground,
Where he did Clutch his prey (but one did see
 That policie);
Churches and altars fed him, Perjuries
 Were gnats and flies,

It rain'd about him bloud and tears, but he
Drank them as free.

The fearfull miser on a heap of rust
Sate pining all his life there, did scarce trust
His own hands with the dust,
Yet would not place one peece above, but lives
In feare of theeves.
Thousands there were as frantick as himself
And hug'd each one his pelf,
The down-right Epicure plac'd heav'n in sense
And scornd pretence
While others slipt into a wide Excesse
Said little lesse;
The weaker sort slight, triviall wares Inslave
Who think them brave,
And poor, despised truth sate Counting by
Their victory.

Yet some, who all this while did weep and sing,
And sing, and weep, soar'd up into the *Ring*,
But most would use no wing.
O fools (said I,) thus to prefer dark night
Before true light,
To live in grots, and caves, and hate the day
Because it shews the way,
The way which from this dead and dark abode
Leads up to God,
A way where you might tread the Sun, and be
More bright than he.

But as I did their madnes so discusse
One whisper'd thus,
*This Ring the Bride-groome did for none provide
But for his bride.*

John Cap. 2. ver. 16, 17.

*All that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the
Eys, and the pride of life, is not of the father, but is of the
world.*

*And the world passeth away, and the lusts thereof, but he
that doth the will of God abideth for ever.*

THE CONSTELLATION

FAIR, order'd lights (whose motion without noise
Resembles those true Joys
Whose spring is on that hil where you do grow
And we here tast sometimes below,)

With what exact obedience do you move
Now beneath, and now above,
And in your vast progressions overlook
The darkest night, and closest nook!

Some nights I see you in the gladsome East,
Some others neer the West,
And when I cannot see, yet do you shine
And beat about your endles line.

Silence, and light, and watchfulnes with you
Attend and wind the Clue,
No sleep, nor sloth assailes you, but poor man
Still either sleeps, or slips his span.

He grops beneath here, and with restless Care
First makes, then hugs a snare,
Adores dead dust, sets heart on Corne and grass
But seldom doth make heav'n his glass.

Musick and mirth (if there be musick here)
Take up, and tune his year,
These things are Kin to him, and must be had,
Who kneels, or sighs a life is mad.

Perhaps some nights hee'l watch with you, and peep
When it were best to sleep,
Dares know Effects, and Judge them long before,
When th' herb he treads knows much, much more.

But seeks he your *Obedience, Order, Light,*
Your calm and wel-train'd flight,
Where, though the glory differ in each star,
Yet is there peace still, and no war?

Since plac'd by him who calls you by your names
And fixt there all your flames,
Without Command you never acted ought
And then you in your courses fought.

But here commission'd by a black self-wil
The sons the father kil,
The Children Chase the mother, and would heal
The wounds they give, by crying, zeale.

Then cast her bloud, and tears upon thy book
Where they for fashion look,
And like that Lamb which had the Dragons voice
Seem mild, but are known by their noise.

❧ *Silex Scintillans* ❧

Thus by our lusts disorder'd into wars
Our guides prove wandring stars,
Which for these mists, and black days were reserv'd
What time we from our first love swerv'd.

Yet O for his sake who sits now by thee
All crown'd with victory,
So guide us through this Darknes, that we may
Be more and more in love with day;

Settle, and fix our hearts, that we may move
In order, peace, and love,
And taught obedience by thy whole Creation,
Become an humble, holy nation.

Give to thy spouse her perfect, and pure dress,
Beauty and holiness,
And so repair these Rents, that men may see
And say, *Where God is, all agree.*

THE SAP

C O M E sapless Blossom, creep not stil on Earth
 Forgetting thy first birth;
 'Tis not from dust, or if so, why dost thou
 Thus cal and thirst for dew?
 It tends not thither, if it doth, why then
 This growth and stretch for heav'n?
 Thy root sucks but diseases, worms there seat
 And claim it for their meat.
 Who plac'd thee here, did something then Infuse
 Which now can tel thee news.
 There is beyond the Stars an hil of myrrh
 From which some drops fal here,
 On it the Prince of *Salem* sits, who deals
 To thee thy secret meals,
 There is thy Country, and he is the way
 And hath withal the key.
 Yet liv'd he here sometimes, and bore for thee
 A world of miserie,
 For thee, who in the first mans loyns didst fal
 From that hil to this vale,
 And had not he so done, it is most true
 Two deaths had bin thy due;
 But going hence, and knowing wel what woes
 Might his friends discompose,
 To shew what strange love he had to our good
 He gave his sacred bloud
 By wil our sap, and Cordial; now in this
 Lies such a heav'n of bliss,
 That, who but truly tastes it, no decay
 Can touch him any way,
 Such secret life, and vertue in it lies
 It wil exalt and rise

And actuate such spirits as are shed
Or ready to be dead,
And bring new too. Get then this sap, and get
Good store of it, but let
The vessel where you put it be for sure
To all your pow'r most pure;
There is at all times (though shut up) in you
A powerful, rare dew,
Which only grief and love extract; with this
Be sure, and never miss,
To wash your vessel wel: Then humbly take
This balm for souls that ake,
And one who drank it thus, assures that you
Shal find a Joy so true,
Such perfect Ease, and such a lively sense
Of grace against all sins,
That you'l Confess the Comfort such, as even
Brings to, and comes from Heaven.

M A N

WEIGHING the stedfastness and state
Of some mean things which here below reside,
Where birds like watchful Clocks the noiseless date
And Intercourse of times divide,
Where Bees at night get home and hive, and flowrs
Early, aswel as late,
Rise with the Sun, and set in the same bowrs;

I would (said I) my God would give
The staidness of these things to man! for these
To his divine appointments ever cleave,
And no new business breaks their peace;
The birds nor sow, nor reap, yet sup and dine,
The flowres without clothes live,
Yet *Solomon* was never drest so fine.

Man hath stil either toyes, or Care,
He hath no root, nor to one place is ty'd,
But ever restless and Irregular
About this Earth doth run and ride,
He knows he hath a home, but scarce knows where,
He sayes it is so far
That he hath quite forgot how to go there.

He knocks at all doors, strays and roams,
Nay hath not so much wit as some stones have
Which in the darkest nights point to their homes,
By some hid sense their Maker gave;
Man is the shuttle, to whose winding quest
And passage through these looms
God order'd motion, but ordain'd no rest.



I WALKT the other day (to spend my hour,)
 Into a field
Where I sometimes had seen the soil to yield
 A gallant flowre,
But Winter now had ruffled all the bowre
 And curious store
I knew there heretofore.

Yet I whose search lov'd not to peep and peer
 I'th' face of things
Thought with my self, there might be other springs
 Besides this here
Which, like cold friends, sees us but once a year,
 And so the flowre
Might have some other bowre.

Then taking up what I could neerest spie
 I digg'd about
That place where I had seen him to grow out,
 And by and by
I saw the warm Recluse alone to lie
 Where fresh and green
He lived of us unseen.

Many a question Intricate and rare
 Did I there strow,
But all I could extort was, that he now
 Did there repair
Such losses as befel him in this air
 And would e'r long
Come forth most fair and young.

This past, I threw the Clothes quite o'r his head,
And stung with fear
Of my own frailty dropt down many a tear
Upon his bed,
Then sighing whisper'd, *Happy are the dead!*
What peace doth now
Rock him asleep below?

And yet, how few believe such doctrine springs
From a poor root
Which all the Winter sleeps here under foot
And hath no wings
To raise it to the truth and light of things,
But is stil trod
By ev'ry wandering clod.

O thou! whose spirit did at first inflame
And warm the dead,
And by a sacred Incubation fed
With life this frame
Which once had neither being, forme, nor name,
Grant I may so
Thy steps track here below,

That in these Masques and shadows I may see
Thy sacred way,
And by those hid ascents climb to that day
Which breaks from thee
Who art in all things, though invisibly;
Shew me thy peace,
Thy mercy, love, and ease,

❧ *Silex Scintillans* ❧

And from this Care, where dreams and sorrows raign
 Lead me above
Where Light, Joy, Leisure, and true Comforts move
 Without all pain,
There, hid in thee, shew me his life again
 At whose dumbe urn
Thus all the year I mourn.

¶
THEY are all gone into the world of light!
And I alone sit lingring here;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy brest
 Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest,
 After the Sun's remove.

I see them walking in an Air of glory,
 Whose light doth trample on my days:
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
 Meer glimering and decays.

O holy hope! and high humility,
 High as the Heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have shew'd them me
 To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous death! the Jewel of the Just,
Shining no where, but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust;
Could man outlook that mark! .

He that hath found some fledg'd birds nest, may
At first sight, if the bird be flown; [know
But what fair Well, or Grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as Angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul, when man doth sleep;
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted
And into glory peep. [theams,

If a star were confin'd into a Tomb
Her captive flames must needs burn there;
But when the hand that lockt her up, gives room,
She'l shine through all the sphære.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under thee!
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective (still) as they pass,
Or else remove me hence unto that hill,
Where I shall need no glass.

THE PROFFER

BE STILL black Parasites,
Flutter no more;
Were it still winter, as it was before,
You'd make no flights;
But now the dew and Sun have warm'd my bowres,
You flie and flock to suck the flowers.

But you would honey make:
These buds will wither,
And what you now extract, in harder weather
Will serve to take;
Wise husbands will (you say) there wants prevent,
Who do not so, too late repent.

O poys'nous, subtile fowls!
The flyes of hell
That buz in every ear, and blow on souls
Until they smell
And rot, descend not here, nor think to stay,
I've read, who 'twas, drove you away.

Think you these longing eyes,
Though sick and spent,
And almost famish'd, ever will consent
To leave those skies,
That glass of souls and spirits, where well drest
They shine in white (like stars) and rest.

Shall my short hour, my inch,
My one poor sand,
And crum of life, now ready to disband
Revolt and flinch,

And having born the burthen all the day,
Now cast at night my Crown away?

No, No; I am not he,
Go seek elsewhere.
I skill not your fine tinsel, and false hair,
Your Sorcery
And smooth seducements: I'le not stuff my story
With your Commonwealth and glory.

There are, that will sow tares
And scatter death
Amongst the quick, selling their souls and breath
For any wares;
But when thy Master comes, they'l finde and see
There's a reward for them and thee.

Then keep the antient way!
Spit out their phlegm
And fill thy brest with home; think on thy dream:
A calm, bright day!
A Land of flowers and spices! the word given,
If these be fair, O what is Heaven!

COCK - CROWING

FATHER of lights! what Sunnie seed,
What glance of day hast thou confin'd
Into this bird? To all the breed
This busie Ray thou hast assign'd;
 Their magnetisme works all night,
 And dreams of Paradise and light.

Their eyes watch for the morning hue,
Their little grain expelling night
So shines and sings, as if it knew
The path unto the house of light.
 It seems their candle, howe'r done,
 Was tinn'd and lighted at the sunne.

If such a tincture, such a touch,
So firm a longing can impowre
Shall thy own image think it much
To watch for thy appearing hour?
 If a meer blast so fill the sail,
 Shall not the breath of God prevail?

O thou immortall light and heat!
Whose hand so shines through all this frame,
That by the beauty of the seat,
We plainly see, who made the same.
 Seeing thy seed abides in me,
 Dwell thou in it, and I in thee.

To sleep without thee, is to die;
Yea, 'tis a death partakes of hell:
For where thou dost not close the eye
It never opens, I can tell.

❧ *Silex Scintillans* ❧

In such a dark, Ægyptian border,
The shades of death dwell and disorder.

If joyes, and hopes, and earnest throws,
And hearts, whose Pulse beats still for light
Are given to birds; who, but thee, knows
A love-sick souls exalted flight?

Can souls be track'd by any eye
But his, who gave them wings to flie?

Onely this Veyle which thou hast broke,
And must be broken yet in me,
This veyle, I say, is all the cloke
And cloud which shadows thee from me.
This veyle thy full-ey'd love denies,
And onely gleams and fractions spies.

O take it off! make no delay,
But brush me with thy light, that I
May shine unto a perfect day,
And warme me at thy glorious Eye!
O take it off! or till it flee,
Though with no Lilie, stay with me!

THE STARRE

W H A T ever 'tis, whose beauty here below
Attracts thee thus & makes thee stream & flow,
And wind and curle, and wink and smile,
Shifting thy gate and guile:
Though thy close commerce nought at all imbarres
My present search, for Eagles eye not starrs,
And still the lesser by the best
And highest good is blest:
Yet, seeing all things that subsist and be,
Have their Commissions from Divinitie,
And teach us duty, I will see
What man may learn from thee.
First, I am sure, the Subject so respected
Is well dispos'd, for bodies once infected,
Deprav'd or dead, can have with thee
No hold, nor sympathie.
Next, there's in it a restless, pure desire
And longing for thy bright and vitall fire,
Desire that never will be quench'd,
Nor can be writh'd, nor wrench'd.
These are the Magnets which so strongly move
And work all night upon thy light and love,
As beauteous shapes, we know not why,
Command and guide the eye.
For where desire, celestiall, pure desire
Hath taken root, and grows, and doth not tire,
There God a Commerce states, and sheds
His Secret on their heads.
This is the Heart he craves; and who so will
But give it him, and grudge not; he shall feel
That God is true, as herbs unseen
Put on their youth and green.

THE PALM-TREE

DEARE friend sit down, and bear awhile this shade
As I have yours long since; This Plant, you see
So prest and bow'd, before sin did degrade
Both you and it, had equall liberty

With other trees: but now shut from the breath
And air of *Eden*, like a male-content
It thrives nowhere. This makes these weights (like death
And sin) hang at him; for the more he's bent

The more he grows. Celestial natures still
Aspire for home; This *Solomon* of old
By flowers and carvings and mysterious skill
Of Wings, and Cherubims, and Palms foretold.

This is the life which hid above with Christ
In God, doth always (hidden) multiply,
And spring, and grow, a tree ne'r to be pric'd,
A Tree, whose fruit is immortality.

Here Spirits that have run their race and fought
And won the fight, and have not fear'd the frowns
Nor lov'd the smiles of greatness, but have wrought
Their masters will, meet to receive their Crowns.

Here is the patience of the Saints: this Tree
Is water'd by their tears, as flowers are fed
With dew by night; but One you cannot see
Sits here and numbers all the tears they shed.

Here is their faith too, which if you will keep
When we two part, I will a journey make
To pluck a Garland hence, while you do sleep
And weave it for your head against you wake.

THE FAVOUR

○ THY bright looks! thy glance of love
Shown, & but shown me from above!
Rare looks! that can dispense such joy
As without wooing wins the coy.
And makes him mourn, and pine and dye
Like a starv'd Eaglet, for thine eye.
Some kinde herbs here, though low & far,
Watch for, and know their loving star.
O let no star compare with thee!
Nor any herb out-duty me!
So shall my nights and mornings be
Thy time to shine, and mine to see.

THE GARLAND

THOU, who dost flow and flourish here below,
To whom a falling star and nine dayes glory,
Or some frail beauty makes the bravest shew,
Hark, and make use of this ensuing story.

When first my youthfull, sinfull age
Grew master of my wayes,
Appointing errour for my Page,
And darknesse for my dayes;
I flung away, and with full crie
Of wild affections, rid
In post for pleasures, bent to trie
All gamesters that would bid.

❧ *Silex Scintillans* ❧

I played with fire, did counsell spurn,
Made life my common stake;
But never thought that fire would burn,
Or that a soul could ake.
Glorious deceptions, gilded mists,
False joyes, phantastick flights,
Peeeces of sackcloth with silk-lists,
These were my prime delights.
I sought choice bowres, haunted the spring,
Cull'd flowres and made me posies:
Gave my fond humours their full wing,
And crown'd my head with Roses.
But at the height of this Careire
I met with a dead man,
Who noting well my vain Abear,
Thus unto me began:
Desist fond fool, be not undone,
What thou hast cut to day
Will fade at night, and with this Sun
Quite vanish and decay.

*Flowres gather'd in this world, die here; if thou
Wouldst have a wreath that fades not, let them grow,
And grow for thee; who spares them here, shall find
A Garland, where comes neither rain, nor wind.*

THE TIMBER

SURE thou didst flourish once! and many Springs,
Many bright mornings, much dew, many showers
Past ore thy head: many light *Hearts* and *Wings*
Which now are dead, lodg'd in thy living bowers.

And still a new succession sings and flies;
Fresh Groves grow up, and their green branches
Towards the old and still enduring skies, [shoot
While the low *Violet* thrives at their root.

But thou beneath the sad and heavy *Line*
Of death, dost waste all senseless, cold and dark;
Where not so much as dreams of light may shine,
Nor any thought of greenness, leaf or bark.

And yet (as if some deep hate and dissent,
Bred in thy growth betwixt high winds and thee,
Were still alive) thou dost great storms resent
Before they come, and know'st how near they be.

Else all at rest thou lvest, and the fierce breath
Of tempests can no more disturb thy ease;
But this thy strange resentment after death
Means onely those, who broke (in life) thy peace.

So murdered man, when lovely life is done,
And his blood freez'd, keeps in the Center still
Some secret sense, which makes the dead blood run
At his approach, that did the body kill.

And is there any murth'rer worse then sin?
Or any storms more foul then a lewd life?
Or what *Resentient* can work more within,
Then true remorse, when with past sins at strife?

He that hath left lifes vain joys and vain care,
And truly hates to be detain'd on earth,
Hath got an house where many mansions are,
And keeps his soul unto eternal mirth:

But though thus dead unto the world, and ceas'd
From sin, he walks a narrow, private way;
Yet grief and old wounds make him sore displeas'd,
And all his life a rainy, weeping day.

For though he should forsake the world, and live
As meer a stranger, as men long since dead;
Yet joy it self will make a right soul grieve
To think, he should be so long vainly lead.

But as shades set off light, so tears and grief
(Though of themselves but a sad blubber'd story)
By shewing the sin great, shew the relief
Far greater, and so speak my Saviors glory.

If my way lies through deserts and wilde woods;
Where all the Land with scorching heat is curst;
Better, the pools should flow with rain and floods
To fill my bottle, then I die with thirst.

Blest showers they are, and streams sent from above
Begetting *Virgins* where they use to flow;
And trees of life no other waters love,
These upper springs and none else make them grow.

But these chaste fountains flow not till we dye;
Some drops may fall before, but a clear spring
And ever running, till we leave to fling
Dirt in her way, will keep above the skie.

Rom. Cap. 6. ver. 7.
He that is dead, is freed from sin.

BEGGING

I, do not go! thou know'st, I'll dye!
My *Spring* and *Fall* are in thy book!
Or, if thou goest, do not deny
To lend me, though from far, one look!

My sins long since have made thee strange,
A very stranger unto me;
No morning-meetings since this change,
Nor evening-walks have I with thee.

Why is my God thus slow and cold,
When I am most, most sick and sad?
Well fare those blessed days of old
When thou didst hear the *weeping Lad*!

O do not thou do as I did,
Do not despise a Love-sick heart!
What though some clouds defiance bid
Thy Sun must shine in every part.

Though I have spoil'd, O spoil not thou!
Hate not thine own dear gift and token!
Poor birds sing best, and prettiest show,
When their nest is faln and broken.

Dear Lord! restore thy ancient peace,
Thy quikning friendship, mans bright wealth!
And if thou wilt not give me ease
From sicknesse, give my spirit health!

PROVIDENCE

SACRED and secret hand!
By whose assisting, swift command
The Angel shewd that holy Well,
Which freed poor *Hagar* from her fears,
And turn'd to smiles the begging tears
Of yong, distressed *Ishmael*.

How in a mystick Cloud
(Which doth thy strange sure mercies shroud)
Doest thou convey man food and money
Unseen by him, till they arrive
Just at his mouth, that thankless hive
Which kills thy Bees, and eats thy honey!

If I thy servant be
(Whose service makes ev'n captives free,)
A fish shall all my tribute pay,
The swift-wing'd Raven shall bring me meat,
And I, like Flowers shall still go neat,
As if I knew no moneth but *May*.

I will not fear what man,
With all his plots and power can;
Bags that wax old may plundered be,
But none can sequester or let
A state that with the Sun doth set
And comes next morning fresh as he.

Poor birds this doctrine sing,
And herbs which on dry hills do spring
Or in the howling wilderness
Do know thy dewy morning-hours,
And watch all night for mists or showers,
Then drink and praise thy bounteousness.

May he for ever dye
Who trusts not thee! but wretchedly
Hunts gold and wealth, and will not lend
Thy service, nor his soul one day:
May his Crown, like his hopes, be clay,
And what he saves, may his foes spend!

If all my portion here,
The measure given by thee each year
Were by my causless enemies
Usurp'd; it never should me grieve
Who know, how well thou canst relieve,
Whose hands are open as thine eyes.

Great King of love and truth!
Who would'st not hate my froward youth,
And wilt not leave me, when grown old;
Gladly will I, like *Pontick* sheep,
Unto their wormwood-diet keep
Since thou hast made thy Arm my fold.

THE ORNAMENT

THE lucky world shewd me one day
Her gorgeous Mart and glittering store,
Where with proud haste the rich make way
To buy, the poor came to adore.

Serious they seem'd and bought up all
The latest Modes of pride and lust,
Although the first must surely fall,
And the last is most loathsome dust.

But while each gay, alluring wear
With idle hearts and busie looks
They viewd, (for idleness hath there
Laid up all her Archives and books.)

Quite through their proud and pompous file
Blushing, and in meek weeds array'd
With native looks, which knew no guile,
Came the sheep-keeping *Syrian* Maid.

Whom strait the shining Row all fac'd
Forc'd by her artless looks and dress,
While one cryed out, We are disgrac'd
For she is bravest, you confess.

THE SEED GROWING SECRETLY

S. Mark 4. 26.

I F T H I S worlds friends might see but once
What some poor man may often feel,
Glory, and gold, and Crowns and Thrones
They would soon quit and learn to kneel.

My dew, my dew! my early love,
My souls bright food, thy absence kills!
Hover not long, eternal Dove!
Life without thee is loose and spills.

Something I had, which long ago
Did learn to suck, and sip, and taste,
But now grown sickly, sad and slow,
Doth fret and wrangle, pine and waste.

O spread thy sacred wings and shake
One living drop! one drop life keeps!
If pious griefs Heavens joys awake,
O fill his bottle! thy childe weeps!

Slowly and sadly doth he grow,
And soon as left, shrinks back to ill;
O feed that life, which makes him blow
And spread and open to thy will!

For thy eternal, living wells
None stain'd or wither'd shall come near:
A fresh, immortal *green* there dwells,
And spotless *white* is all the wear.

❧ *Silex Scintillans* ❧

Dear, secret *Greenness*! nurst below
Tempests and windes, and winter-nights,
Vex not, that but one sees thee grow,
That *One* made all these lesser lights.

If those bright joys he singly sheds
On thee, were all met in one Crown,
Both Sun and Stars would hide their heads;
And Moons, though full, would get them down.

Let glory be their bait, whose mindes
Are all too high for a low Cell:
Though Hawks can prey through storms and winds,
The poor Bee in her hive must dwell.

Glory, the Crouds cheap tinsel still
To what most takes them, is a drudge;
And they too oft take good for ill,
And thriving vice for vertue judge.

What needs a Conscience calm and bright
Within it self an outward test?
Who breaks his glass to take more light,
Makes way for storms into his rest.

Then bless thy secret growth, nor catch
At noise, but thrive unseen and dumb;
Keep clean, bear fruit, earn life and watch
Till the white winged Reapers come!



As TIME one day by me did pass
Through a large dusky glasse
He held, I chanc'd to look
And spyed his curious book
Of past days, where sad Heav'n did shed
A mourning light upon the dead.

Many disordered lives I saw
And foul records which thaw
My kinde eyes still, but in
A fair, white page of thin
And ev'n, smooth lines, like the Suns rays,
Thy name was writ, and all thy days.

O bright and happy Kalendar!
Where youth shines like a star
All pearl'd with tears, and may
Teach age, *The Holy way*;
Where through thick pangs, high agonies
Faith into life breaks, and death dies.

As some meek *night-piece* which day quails,
To candle-light unveils:
So by one beamy line
From thy bright lamp did shine,
In the same page thy humble grave
Set with green herbs, glad hopes and brave.

Here slept my thoughts dear mark! which dust
Seem'd to devour, like rust;
But dust (I did observe)
By hiding doth preserve,
As we for long and sure recruits,
Candy with sugar our choice fruits.

O calm and sacred bed where lies
In deaths dark mysteries
A beauty far more bright
Then the noons cloudless light
For whose dry dust green branches bud
And robes are bleach'd in the *Lambs* blood.
Sleep happy ashes! (blessed sleep!)
While haplesse I still weep;
Weep that I have out-liv'd
My life, and unreliev'd
Must (soul-lesse shadow!) so live on,
Though life be dead, and my joys gone.

¶

F A I R and yong light! my guide to holy
Grief and soul-curing melancholy;
Whom living here I did still shun
As sullen night-ravens do the Sun,
And lead by my own foolish fire
Wandred through darkness, dens and mire.
How am I now in love with all
That I term'd then meer bonds and thrall,
And to thy name, which still I keep,
Like the surviving turtle, weep!
O bitter curs'd delights of men!
Our souls diseases first, and then
Our bodies; poysons that intreat
With fatal sweetness, till we eat;
How artfully do you destroy,
That kill with smiles and seeming joy?
If all the subtilties of vice
Stood bare before unpraetic'd eyes,
And every act she doth commence

Had writ down its sad consequence,
Yet would not men grant, their ill fate
Lodged in those false looks, till too late.
O holy, happy, healthy heaven,
Where all is pure, where all is even,
Plain, harmless, faithful, fair and bright,
But what Earth breaths against thy light!
How blest had men been, had their *Sire*
Liv'd still in league with thy chaste fire,
Nor made life through her long descents,
A slave to lustful Elements!
I did once read in an old book
Soil'd with many a weeping look,
That the seeds of foul sorrows be
The finest things that are, to see.
So that fam'd fruit which made all dye
Seem'd fair unto the womans eye.
If these supplanters in the shade
Of Paradise, could make man fade,
How in this world should they deter
This world, their fellow-murtherer!
And why then grieve we to be sent
Home by our first fair punishment,
Without addition to our woes
And lingring wounds from weaker foes?
Since that doth quickly freedom win,
For he that's dead, is freed from sin.

O that I were winged and free
And quite undrest just now with thee,
Where freed souls dwel by living fountains
On everlasting, spicy mountains!
Alas! my God! take home thy sheep;
This world but laughs at those that weep.

THE STONE

Josh. chap. 24. ver. 27.

I HAVE it now:
But where to act, that none shall know,
Where I shall have no cause to fear
An eye or ear,
What man will show?
If nights, and shades, and secret rooms,
Silent as tombs,
Will nor conceal nor assent to
My dark designs, what shall I do?
Man I can bribe, and woman will
Consent to any gainful ill,
But these dumb creatures are so true,
No gold nor gifts can them subdue.
Hedges have ears, said the old sooth,
And ev'ry bush is somethings booth;
This cautious fools mistake, and fear
Nothing but man, when ambush'd there.

But I (Alas!)
Was shown one day in a strange glass
That busie commerce kept between
God and his Creatures, though unseen.

They hear, see, speak,
And into loud discoveries break,
As loud as blood. Not that God needs
Intelligence, whose spirit feeds
All things with life, before whose eyes,
Hell and all hearts stark naked lyes.
But he that judgeth as he hears,
He that accuseth none, so steers
His righteous course, that though he knows

All that man doth, conceals or shows,
Yet will not he by his own light
(Though both all-seeing and all right,)
Condemn men; but will try them by
A process, which ev'n mans own eye
Must needs acknowledge to be just.

Hence sand and dust
Are shak'd for witnesses, and stones
Which some think dead, shall all at once
With one attesting voice detect
Those secret sins we least suspect.
For know, wilde men, that when you erre
Each thing turns Scribe and Register,
And in obedience to his Lord,
Doth your most private sins record.

The *Law* delivered to the *Jews*,
Who promis'd much, but did refuse
Performance, will for that same deed
Against them by a *stone* proceed;
Whose substance, though 'tis hard enough,
Will prove their hearts more stiff and tuff.
But now, since God on himself took
What all mankinde could never brook,
If any (for he all invites)
His easie yoke rejects or slights,
The *Gospel* then (for 'tis his word
And not himself shall judge the world).
Will by loose *Dust* that man arraign,
As one then dust more vile and vain.

THE DWELLING-PLACE

S. John, chap. 1. ver. 38, 39.

WHAT happy, secret fountain;
Fair shade, or mountain,
Whose undiscover'd virgin glory
Boasts it this day, though not in story,
Was then thy dwelling? did some cloud
Fix'd to a Tent, descend and shrowd
My distrest Lord? or did a star
Becken'd by thee, though high and far,
In sparkling smiles haste gladly down
To lodge light, and increase her own?
My dear, dear God! I do not know
What lodgd thee then, nor where, nor how;
But I am sure, thou dost now come
Oft to a narrow, homely room,
Where thou too hast but the least part,
My God, I mean *my sinful heart*.

THE MEN OF WAR

S. Luke, chap. 23. ver. 11.

IF any have an ear
Saith holy *John*, then let him hear.
He that into Captivity
Leads others, shall a Captive be.
Who with the sword doth others kill,
A sword shall his blood likewise spill.
Here is the patience of the Saints,
And the true faith, which never faints.

Were not thy word (dear Lord!) my light,
How would I run to endless night,
And persecuting thee and thine,
Enact for *Saints* my self and mine.
But now enlighten'd thus by thee,
I dare not think such villany;
Nor for a temporal self-end
Successful wickedness commend.
For in this bright, instructing verse
Thy *Saints* are not the Conquerers;
But patient, meek, and overcome
Like thee, when set at naught and dumb.
Armies thou hast in Heaven, which fight,
And follow thee all cloath'd in white,
But here on earth (though thou hast need)
Thou wouldst no legions, but wouldst bleed.
The sword wherewith thou dost command
Is in thy mouth, not in thy hand,
And all thy *Saints* do overcome
By thy blood, and their Martyrdom.
But seeing Soldiers long ago
Did spit on thee, and smote thee too;

Crown'd thee with thorns, and bow'd the knee,
But in contempt, as still we see,
I'll marvel not at ought they do,
Because they us'd my Savior so;
Since of my *Lord* they had their will,
The servant must not take it ill.

Dear *Jesus* give me patience here,
And faith to see my Crown as near
And almost reach'd, because 'tis sure
If I hold fast and slight the *Lure*.
Give me humility and peace,
Contented thoughts, innoxious ease,
A sweet, revengeless, quiet minde,
And to my greatest haters kinde.
Give me, my God! a heart as milde
And plain, as when I was a childe;
That when *thy Throne is set*, and all
These *Conquerors* before it fall,
I may be found (preserv'd by thee)
Amongst that chosen company,
Who by no blood (here) overcame
But the blood of the *blessed Lamb*.

CHILDE - HOOD

I CANNOT reach it; and my striving eye
Dazles at it, as at eternity.

Were now that Chronicle alive,
Those white designs which children drive,
And the thoughts of each harmless hour,
With their content too in my pow'r,
Quickly would I make my path even,
And by meer playing go to Heaven.

Why should men love
A Wolf, more then a Lamb or Dove?
Or choose hell-fire and brimstone streams
Before bright stars, and Gods own beams?
Who kisseth thorns, will hurt his face,
But flowers do both refresh and grace,
And sweetly living (*fie on men!*)
Are when dead, medicinal then.
If seeing much should make staid eyes,
And long experience should make wise;
Since all that age doth teach, is ill,
Why should I not love childe-hood still?
Why if I see a rock or shelf,
Shall I from thence cast down my self,
Or by complying with the world,
From the same precipice be hurl'd?
Those observations are but foul
Which make me wise to lose my soul.

And yet the *Practice* worldlings call
Business and weighty action all,
Checking the poor childe for his play,
But gravely cast themselves away.

Dear, harmless age! the short, swift span,
Where weeping virtue parts with man;
Where love without lust dwells, and bends
What way we please, without self-ends.

An age of mysteries! which he
Must live twice, that would Gods face see;
Which *Angels* guard, and with it play,
Angels! which foul men drive away.

How do I study now, and scan
Thee, more then ere I studyed man,
And onely see through a long night
Thy edges, and thy bordering light!
O for thy Center and mid-day!
For sure that is the *narrow way*.

THE NIGHT

John 2. 3.

THROUGH that pure *Virgin-shrine*,
That sacred vail drawn o'r thy glorious noon
That men might look and live, as Glo-worms shine
And face the Moon:

Wise *Nicodemus* saw such light
As made him know his God by night.

Most blest believer he!
Who in that land of darkness and blinde eyes
Thy long expected healing wings could see,
When thou didst rise,
And what can never more be done,
Did at mid-night speak with the Sun!

O who will tell me, where
He found thee at that dead and silent hour!
What hallow'd solitary ground did bear
So rare a flower,
Within whose sacred leafs did lie
The fulness of the Deity.

No mercy-seat of gold,
No dead and dusty *Cherub*, nor carv'd stone,
But his own living works did my Lord hold
And lodge alone;
Where *trees* and *herbs* did watch and peep
And wonder, while the *Jews* did sleep.

Dear night! this worlds defeat;
The stop to busie fools; cares check and curb;
The day of Spirits; my souls calm retreat
Which none disturb!

Christs progress, and his prayer time;
The hours to which high Heaven doth chime.

Gods silent, searching flight:
When my Lords head is fill'd with dew, and all
His locks are wet with the clear drops of night;
His still, soft call;
His knocking time; The souls dumb watch,
When Spirits their fair kinred catch.

Were all my loud, evil days
Calm and unhaunted as is thy dark Tent,
Whose peace but by some *Angels* wing or voice
Is seldom rent;
Then I in Heaven all the long year
Would keep, and never wander here.

But living where the Sun
Doth all things wake, and where all mix and tyre
Themselves and others, I consent and run
To ev'ry myre,
And by this worlds ill-guiding light,
Erre more then I can do by night.

There is in God (some say)
A deep, but dazling darkness; As men here
Say it is late and dusky, because they
See not all clear;
O for that night! where I in him
Might live invisible and dim.

ABELS BLOOD

SAD, purple well! whose bubling eye
Did first against a Murth'rer cry;
Whose streams still vocal, still complain

Of bloody *Cain*,

And now at evening are as red
As in the morning when first shed.

If single thou

(Though single voices are but low,)

Could'st such a shrill and long cry rear

As speaks still in thy makers ear,

What thunders shall those men arraign

Who cannot count those they have slain,

Who bath not in a shallow flood,

But in a deep, wide sea of blood?

A sea, whose lowd waves cannot sleep,

But *Deep* still calleth upon *deep*:

Whose urgent *sound* like unto that

Of many waters, beateth at

The everlasting doors above,

Where souls behinde the altar move,

And with one strong, incessant cry

Inquire *How long?* of the most high.

Almighty Judge!

At whose just laws no just men grudge;

Whose blessed, sweet commands do pour

Comforts and joys, and hopes each hour

On those that keep them; O accept

Of his vow'd heart, whom thou hast kept

From bloody men! and grant, I may

That sworn memorial duly pay

To thy bright arm, which was my light

And leader through thick death and night!

I, may that flood,

That proudly split and despis'd blood,
Speechless and calm, as Infants sleep!
Or if it watch, forgive and weep
For those that spilt it! May no cries
From the low earth to high Heaven rise,
But what (like his, whose blood peace brings)
Shall (when they rise) *speaking better things*,
Then *Abel's* doth! may *Abel* be
Still single heard, while these agree
With his milde blood in voice and will,
Who pray'd for those that did him kill!

ANGUISH

MY GOD and King! to thee
I bow my knee,
I bow my troubled soul, and greet
With my foul heart thy holy feet.
Cast it, or tread it! It shall do
Even what thou wilt, and praise thee too.
My God, could I weep blood,
Gladly I would;
Or if thou wilt give me that Art,
Which through the eyes pours out the hart,
I will exhaust it all, and make
My self all tears, a weeping lake.
O! 'tis an easie thing
To write and sing;
But to write true, unfeigned verse
Is very hard! O God disperse
These weights, and give my spirit leave
To act as well as to conceive!
O my God, hear my cry;
Or let me dye!—

THE AGREEMENT

I WROTE it down. But one that saw
And envied that Record, did since
Such a mist over my minde draw,
It quite forgot that purpos'd glimpse.
I read it sadly oft but still
Simply believ'd, 'twas not my Quill;

At length, my lifes kinde Angel came,
And with his bright and busie wing
Scatt'ring that cloud, shewd me the flame
Which strait, like Morning-stars did sing,
And shine, and point me to a place,
Which all the year sees the Suns face.

O beamy book! O my mid-day
Exterminating fears and night!
The mount, whose white Ascendents may
Be in conjunction with true light!
My thoughts, when towards thee they move,
Glitter and kindle with thy love.

Thou art the oyl and the wine-house:
Thine are the present healing leaves,
Blown from the tree of life to us
By his breath whom my dead heart heaves.
Each page of thine hath true life in't,
And Gods bright minde exprest in print.

Most modern books are blots on thee,
Their doctrine chaff and windy fits:
Darken'd along, as their scribes be,
With those foul storms, when they were writ;
While the mans zeal lays out and blends
Onely self-worship and self-ends.

Thou art the faithful, pearly rock,
The Hive of beamy, living lights,
Ever the same, whose diffus'd stock
Entire still, wears out blackest nights.
Thy lines are rays, the true Sun sheds;
Thy leaves are healing wings he spreads.

For until thou didst comfort me,
I had not one poor word to say:
Thick busie clouds did multiply,
And said, I was no childe of day;
They said, my own hands did remove
That candle given me from above.

O God! I know and do confess
My sins are great and still prevail,
Most heynous sins and numberless!
But thy *Compassions* cannot fail.
If thy sure mercies can be broken,
Then all is true, my foes have spoken.

But while time runs, and after it
Eternity, which never ends,
Quite through them both, still infinite
Thy Covenant by *Christ* extends;
No sins of frailty, nor of youth
Can foil his merits, and thy truth.

And this I hourly finde, for thou
Dost still renew, and purge and heal:
Thy care and love, which joyntly flow
New Cordials, new *Cathartics* deal.
But were I once cast off by thee
I know (my God!) this would not be.

Wherefore with tears (tears by thee sent)
I beg, my faith may never fail!
And when in death my speech is spent,
O let that silence then prevail!
O chase in that *cold calm* my foes,
And hear my hearts last private throws!

So thou, who didst the work begin
(For *I till drawn came not to thee*)
Wilt finish it, and by no sin
Will thy free mercies hindred be.
For which, O God, I onely can
Bless thee, and blame unthankful man.

THE THRONE

Revel. chap. 20. ver. 11.

W H E N with these eyes clos'd now by thee,
But then restor'd,
The great and white throne I shall see
Of my dread Lord:
And lowly kneeling (for the most
Stiff then must kneel)
Shall look on him, at whose high cost
(Unseen) such joys I feel.
What ever arguments, or skill
Wise heads shall use,
Tears onely and my blushes still
I will produce.
And should those speechless beggers fail,
Which oft have won;
Then taught by thee, I will prevail,
And say, *Thy will be done!*

QUICKNESS

F A L S E life! a foil and no more, when
Wilt thou be gone?
Thou foul deception of all men
That would not have the true come on.

Thou art a Moon-like toil; a blinde
Self-posing state;
A dark contest of waves and winde;
A meer tempestuous debate.

Life is a fix'd, discerning light,
A knowing Joy;
No chance, or fit: but ever bright,
And calm and full, yet doth not cloy.

'Tis such a blissful thing, that still
Doth vivifie,
And shine and smile, and hath the skill
To please without Eternity.

Thou art a toylsom Mole, or less,
A moving mist;
But life is, what none can express,
A quickness, which my God hath kist.

THE QUEER

O TELL me whence that joy doth spring
Whose diet is divine and fair,
Which wears heaven, like a bridal ring,
And tramples on doubts and despair?

Whose Eastern traffique deals in bright
And boundless Empyrean themes,
Mountains of spice, Day-stars and light,
Green trees of life, and living streams?

Tell me, O tell who did thee bring
And here, without my knowledge, plac'd,
Till thou didst grow and get a wing,
A wing with eyes, and eyes that taste?

Sure, *holyness* the *Magnet* is,
And *Love* the *Lure*, that woos thee down;
Which makes the high transcendent bliss
Of knowing thee, so rarely known.

From THALIA REDIVIVA 1678

LOOKING BACK

F A I R , shining *Mountains* of my pilgrimage,
And flow'ry *Vales*, whose flow'rs were stars:
The *days* and *nights* of my first, happy age;
An age without distast and wars:
When I by thoughts ascend your *Sunny heads*,
And mind those sacred, *midnight Lights*:
By which I walk'd, when curtain'd Rooms and Beds
Confin'd, or seal'd up others sights:

O then how bright
And quick a light
Doth brush my heart and scatter night;
Chasing that shade
Which my sins made,
While I so *spring*, as if I could not *fade*!

How brave a prospect is a bright *Back-side*!
Where flow'rs and palms refresh the Eye:
And days well spent like the glad *East* abide,
Whose morning-glories cannot dye!

THE SHOWER

WATERS above! eternal Springs!
The dew, that silvers the *Doves* wings!
O welcom, welcom to the sad:
Give dry dust drink; drink that makes glad!
Many fair *Ev'nings*, many *Flow'rs*
Sweeten'd with rich and gentle showers
Have I enjoy'd, and down have run
Many a fine and shining *Sun*;
But never till this happy hour
Was blest with such an *Evening-shower*!

THE ECCLIPSE

WHITHER, O whither did'st thou fly
When I did grieve thine holy Eye?
When thou did'st mourn to see me lost,
And all thy Care and Councils crost.
O do not grieve where e'er thou art!
Thy grief is an undoing smart,
Which doth not only pain, but break
My heart, and makes me blush to speak.
Thy anger I could kiss, and will:
But (O!) thy grief, thy grief doth kill.

RETIREMENT

FRESH *fields* and *woods*! the Earth's fair *face*
God's *foot-stool*, and mans *dwelling-place*.
I ask not why the first *Believer*
Did love to be a Country liver?
Who to secure pious content
Did pitch by *groves* and *wells* his tent;
Where he might view the boundless *skie*,
And all those glorious *lights* on high:
With flying *meteors*, *mists* and *show'rs*,
Subjected *hills*, *trees*, *meads* and *Flow'rs*:
And ev'ry minute bless the King
And wise Creatour of each thing.

I ask not why he did remove
To happy *Mamre's* holy grove,
Leaving the *Cities* of the plain
To *Lot* and his successless train?
All various Lusts in *Cities* still
Are found; they are the *Thrones* of Ill.
The dismal *Sinks*, where blood is spill'd,
Cages with much uncleanness fill'd.
But *rural shades* are the sweet fense
Of piety and innocence.
They are the *Meek's* calm region, where
Angels descend, and rule the sphere:
Where heav'n lyes *Leiguer*, and the *Dove*
Duelly as *Dew*, comes from above.
If *Eden* be on Earth at all,
'Tis that, which we the *Country* call.

THE REVIVAL

UNFOLD, unfold! take in his light,
Who makes thy Cares more short than night.
The Joys, which with his *Day-star* rise,
He deals to all, but drowsy Eyes:
And what the men of this world miss,
Some *drops* and *dews* of future bliss.

Hark! how his *winds* have chang'd their *note*,
And with warm *whispers* call thee out.
The *frosts* are past, the *storms* are gone:
And backward *life* at last comes on.
The lofty *groves* in express Joyes
Reply unto the *Turtles* voice,
And here in *dust* and *dirt*, O here
The *Lilies* of his love appear!

THE NATIVITY

Written in the year 1656.

PEACE? and to all the world? sure, one
And he the prince of peace, hath none.
He travels to be born, and then
Is born to travel more agen.
Poor *Galile*! thou can'st not be
The place for his Nativity.
His restless mother's call'd away,
And not deliver'd, till she pay.
A *Tax*? 'tis so still! we can see
The Church thrive in her misery;

And like her head at *Bethlem*, rise
 When she opprest with troubles, lyes.
 Rise? should all fall, we cannot be
 In more extremities than he.
 Great *Type* of passions! come what will,
 Thy grief exceeds all *copies* still.
 Thou cam'st from heav'n to earth, that we
 Might go from Earth to Heav'n with thee.
 And though thou found'st no welcom here,
 Thou did'st provide us *mansions* there.
 A *stable* was thy *Court*, and when
 Men turn'd to *beasts*; Beasts would be *Men*.
 They were thy *Courtiers*, others none;
 And their poor *Manger* was thy *Throne*.
 No swadling *silks* thy Limbs did fold,
 Though thou could'st turn thy Rays to gold.
 No *Rockers* waited on thy birth,
 No *Cradles* stirr'd: nor songs of mirth;
 But her chast *Lap* and sacred *Brest*
 Which lodg'd thee first, did give thee *rest*.

But stay: what light is that doth stream,
 And drop here in a gilded beam?
 It is thy Star runs *page*, and brings
 Thy tributary *Eastern Kings*.
 Lord! grant some *Light* to us, that we
 May with them find the way to thee.
 Behold what mists eclipse the day:
 How dark it is! shed down one *Ray*
 To guide us out of this sad night,
 And say once more, *Let there be Light*.

THE REQUEST

O THOU! who did'st deny to me
 This world's ador'd felicity,
 And ev'ry big, impervious lust,
 Which fools admire in sinful Dust;
 With those fine, subtile *twists*, that tye
 Their *bundles* of foul gallantry:
 Keep still my weak Eyes from the *shine*
 Of those gay things, which are not thine,
 And shut my Ears against the noise
 Of wicked, though applauded *Joy*s.
 For thou in any land hast store
 Of shades and Coverts for thy poor,
 Where from the busie dust and heat,
 As well as storms, they may retreat.
 A Rock, or Bush are douny beds,
 When thou art there crowning their heads
 With secret blessings: or a *Tire*
 Made of the *Comforter's* live-fire.
 And when thy goodness in the *dress*
 Of anger, will not seem to bless:
 Yet do'st thou give them that rich *Rain*,
 Which as it drops, clears all again.

O what kind *Visits* daily pass
 'Twixt thy great self and such poor *grass*,
 With what sweet looks doth thy love shine
 On those low *Violets* of thine!
 While the tall *Tulip* is accurst,
 And *Crowns Imperial* dye with thirst.
 O give me still those secret meals,
 Those rare *Repasts*, which thy love deals!
 Give me that Joy, which none can grieve,
 And which in all griefs doth relieve.
 This is the portion thy Child begs,
 Not that of rust, and rags and dregs.

THE WORLD

CAN any tell me what it is? can you,
That wind your thoughts into a *Clue*
To guide out others, while your selves stay in,
And hug the Sin?

I, who so long have in it liv'd,
That if I might,
In truth I would not be repriev'd:
Have neither sight,
Nor sense that knows
These *Ebbs* and *Flows*.

But since of all, all may be said,
And *likelines* doth but upbraid,
And mock the *Truth*, which still is lost
In fine *Conceits*, like streams in a sharp frost:
I will not strive, nor the *Rule* break
Which doth give Losers leave to speak.
Then false and foul World, and unknown
Ev'n to thy own:

Here I renounce thee, and resign
Whatever thou can'st say, is thine.
Thou art not *Truth*; for he that tries
Shall find thee all deceit and lyes.
Thou art not *friendship*; for in thee
'Tis but the *bait* of policy.
Which, like a *Viper* lodg'd in *Flow'rs*,
Its venom through that sweetness pours.
And when not so, then always 'tis
A fading *paint*; the short-liv'd bliss
Of *air* and *Humour*: out and in
Like *Colours* in a *Dolphin's* skin.
But must not live beyond *one day*,
Or *Convenience*; then away.

Thou art not *Riches*; for that *Trash*
 Which one age hoords, the next doth wash
 And so severely sweep away;
 That few remember, where it lay..
 So rapid *streams* the wealthy *land*
 About them, have at their command:
 And shifting *channels* here restore,
 There break down, what they bank'd before.
 Thou art not *Honour*; for those gay
Feathers will wear, and drop away;
 And princes to some upstart *line*
 Give new ones, that are full as fine.
 Thou art not *pleasure*; for thy *Rose*
 Upon a *thorn* doth still repose;
 Which if not cropt, will quickly shed;
 But soon as cropt, grows dull and dead.

Thou art the *sand*, which fills one *glass*,
 And then doth to another pass;
 And could I put thee to a stay,
 Thou art but *dust*! then go thy way,
 And leave me *clean* and bright, though *poor*;
 Who stops thee, doth but *dawb* his floor,
 And *Swallow*-like, when he hath done,
 To *unknown dwellings* must be gone!

Welcom pure thoughts and peaceful hours
 Inrich'd with *Sunshine* and with *show'rs*;
 Welcom fair hopes and holy Cares,
 The not to be repented *shares*
 Of time and business: the sure *rode*
 Unto my last and lov'd *Abode*!

O supreme *Bliss*!

The Circle, Center and Abyss
 Of blessings, never let me miss
 Nor leave that *Path*, which leads to thee:

Who art alone all things to me!
I hear, I see all the long day
The noise and pomp of the *broad way*;
I note their Course and proud approaches:
Their silks, perfumes and glittering Coaches.
But in the *narrow way* to thee
I observe only poverty,
And despis'd things: and all along
The ragged, mean and humble throng
Are still on foot, and as they go,
They sigh and say; *Their Lord went so!*
Give me my *staff* then, as it stood
When green and growing in the Wood.
(Those *stones*, which for the *Altar* serv'd,
Might not be smooth'd, nor finely carv'd:)
With this *poor stick* I'll pass the *Foord*
As *Jacob* did; and thy dear *word*,
As thou hast dress'd it: not as *Witt*
And *deprav'd tastes* have poyson'd it:
Shall in the passage be my meat,
And none else will thy Servant eat.
Thus, thus and in no other sort
Will I set forth, though laugh'd at for't;
And leaving the wise *World* their way,
Go through; though Judg'd to go astray.

EDITOR'S NOTE

This volume is intended to be a compendium of Henry Vaughan's writings. They are arranged in the order of their original publication. Poems and Olor Iscanus contain little of poetic value; but the nine pieces chosen therefrom have an independent interest as types of the poet's early and "profane" work, which with a surprising heartiness he denounces in the Preface to Silex Scintillans. The verses "To Amoret, of the difference 'twixt him and other lovers," contain remarkable plagiarisms from John Donne; and "The Charnel House" (which with "To my worthy friend Master T. Lewis" represents Olor Iscanus) alone has foreshadowings of Vaughan's later manner. I believe that the selection from Silex Scintillans, Vaughan's starry masterpiece, excludes no poem of the first or even second order; for the choice was not governed by any limitation of space.

Popular editions of Henry Vaughan's poetry, prepared before the publication of Mr. L. C. Martin's definitive text (Oxford University Press, 1914), contain textual corruptions and occasionally an unhappy "correction." Mr. Martin's labours have now made it easy to be accurate; and the Nonesuch edition is—as all future editions must be—under a heavy obligation to him. Apart from typographical changes (such as "s" for "f") and the correction of one or

∞ Editor's Note ∞

two obvious printer's errors, I have made no verbal variations from the text of the original editions. A few changes in punctuation have been made, but only where an unnecessary ambiguity or difficulty might thus be corrected. It has been far from my purpose to revise Vaughan's general system of punctuation. In "Begging" (page 125) and "Abel's Blood" (page 143) I appears possibly in error for Aye, suggesting that the compositor may have set from dictation.

In addition to the books from which the present volume has been made, Vaughan published:

Flores Solitudinis, a book of prose translations, with
a Life of blessed Paulinus (1654).

Hermetical Physick by Henry Nollus, "englished
by Henry Vaughan" (1655).

F.M.

April 1924



